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THE SUDAN AND ABYSSINIA

Special Number For Study.

Mrs. R. L. Edie, Editor for Sudan.

FOREWORD

EVERY message from our foreign mission fields is a challenge to the church at home for intelligent sympathy and prayer, in behalf of the work undertaken and waiting to be done. We become more responsible to the work in our foreign fields as we increase in knowledge of conditions and need.

The purpose of giving space annually for special numbers is to acquaint our readers with the work and the missionaries in charge. The preparation for this number is made on the mission field by the busy missionary. It requires much time and labor. The compensation to the missionary is found in the growing interest of the church at home. The contributors to this most interesting special number have written of their daily life in the mission fields, of the Sudan and Abyssinia. Their wide experience include many incidents and characters well worth knowing. This number is an excellent story of the past years work in these difficult fields. We are greatly indebted to our Co-editor in the Sudan, Mrs. R. L. Edie and the missionaries there. We are also grateful to Doctor and Mrs. T. A. Lambie for what we are learning of Abyssinia, our newest foreign mission field. These special Foreign Mission Numbers as given in the Women's Missionary Magazine will also be an aid to the more extensive study of the text book—"Facts and Folks in Our Fields Abroad," all of which we trust will show to the membership of the United Presbyterian Church, the opportunity as well as responsibility to possess the land at once for Christ.

—Editor Women's Missionary Magazine.

A Challenge.

"Already we have the United Presbyterians of the United States well established in the region where the Sobat River joins the White Nile. In recent years this Christian body has experienced a remarkable missionary awakening. May it not be that God is urging them to attempt even greater things than they have planned. What nobler challenge could come to any branch of the Christian Church?"—From a paper by Cornelius Patton, 1917. "Since then a challenge to explore into Abyssinia has been taken and Dr. and Mrs. Lambie now invite the church to seriously accept the challenge of opportunity, 'Go and possess this land for Christ.' "

Read recent articles in United Presbyterian of the trip into Abyssinia.

THE MISSION FIELD A BATTLE FIELD.

THE SOUTHERN SUDAN.

By Rev. W. J. Adair, Nasser Sudan

THE whole Kingdom enterprize is a battle—a battle between truth and falsehood, between light and darkness, between the forces of Christ and the powers of the devil but in pioneer mission work such as that among the Nuer tribe in the Southern Sudan, the battle has certain unique features.

First of all it is a battle against ignorance. During February and March of this year Rev. Paul Smith made two trips along the Sobat River about a hundred miles in each direction from Nassar. He thinks that the people whom he reached as they were camped along the river herding and fishing during the dry season may represent perhaps 50,000 Nuers. But these only include a part, perhaps a third or a fourth of all the Nuers. And Nasser is the only Mission Station we have among all these people. And more than this, just beyond the Nuers and reaching up into Abyssinia is another tribe, the Anuaks (no one knows how many there are) among whom there are no missionaries. And in South and East of us there are two other tribes, the Bears and the Broons with no one to tell them of Christ. And this is only a small section of the dark continent. As long as such a condition prevails the advantage is all in favor of the devil who has all these millions of people bound down under the bondage of sin. The only thing which is favorable under such a condition is that these people who sit in utter darkness are more susceptible to the Gospel than those of Mohammedan countries where they have become prejudiced. But Mohammedan traders are among the first to get in touch with these people and unless the fields are soon occupied by our missionaries this advantage will be lost.

And it is also a battle against sin and low ideals. There are the low ideals of the family life and of womanhood. A man may have as many wives as he has the cows to buy, and when he dies his wives are passed on to his sons. When a young woman is left a widow without any children she is not very salable so her guardian may loan her out as a sort of a wife to another man with the agreement that the so called husband is to have a claim on the children and when the girls are married he is to have a share of the cows. We know of one young man who got a "wife" under such an agreement. We do not wish to leave the impression that the women are not happy or are very badly treated. On the contrary they are usually of a very cheerful disposition and are, we think, treated much better than the women in Egypt or Northern Sudan. One reason for this is that the women are worth taking care of. In fact it is a question if girl babies are not sometimes more welcome than boy babies for at the age of about sixteen they can be married off for from six to twenty cows. Of course there is in most homes a genuine love for the children and also doubtless a genuine love for the wife or wives, but such low ideals of the home and family life are one of the strongholds which Satan has erected against the reception of the Gospel.

Another thing which must be contended against is the hatred which so often exists between families or villages. It may start with a fight over a cow in which a man is killed. The men of the dead man's village feel it is their duty to take the life of some man of the other village and in case they succeed those of the other village feel just as great an obligation to take revenge. The final result is often a blood fued. In fact there is hardly a Nuer who does not have enemies through whose territory he dares not go. It is encouraging to know that efforts to settle these fueds are more common than formerly but not until the love of Christ is implanted in their hearts will they lose this deep hatred and enmity.

And they have low ideals of God. They have their gods but they are usually only some man who has made a name for himself in some way or has done something wonderful quite often imaginary for some one. The conception which they get of our God, Jesus, is all too often limited in the same way to the thought of Him as one to whom they can go for health or other temporal blessings. They seem very slow in getting a conception of their own sinfulness and their need of Christ to save them from sin's penalty. They make great efforts to get their friends to come to the clinic and get the "Jesus medicine" but are not so concerned in getting their friends to come to Jesus for cleansing for sin.

Then there is the battle against superstition. Perhaps the most common of the superstition among the Nuers is that of the "evil eye." In the clinic, the new patients especially are always afraid of some enemy looking on their sore with the "evil eye." One of our chief difficulties with the man whose hand we amputated was to get him to let us dress the wound while others were in the room. He wanted them all to stay outside until he was through. When a person is sick he often blames it on the "evil eye" of some enemy. Even one of our most faithful Christians, when he became sick said it was the "evil eye" of one from whome he had recently secured an ox through the Government. Even the best of the Christians have not yet learned implicit faith and trust in the Master.

The missionaries in the tropics also face a battle with adverse climatic conditions and accompanying dangers. In the Southern Sudan where there are the alternating rainy and dry seasons the heat is not so noticible as in sections where there are no rains, but with rains come multitude of mosquitoes and a great deal of malaria. One must constantly be on guard and the least let up of vigilance may mean a severe attack of fever. Indeed one is very fortunate to get through a year without at least a slight attack of malaria with the resultant course of quinine which one comes to dread almost as much as the fever.

Dysentary is another disease of the tropics against which one must be on guard, and especially that the missionaries' children do not get it. Indeed it takes a good deal of faith in the loving care of the Master to raise a family of children under such conditions and even a greater faith when one thinks of the almost inevitable separation from the children later on when they are left in America. But we all bear testimony to the fact that the same Master who has called us into the Mission field is constantly verifying His promise to us "Lo I am with you always."

And the missionary faces a battle with an unknown language. In Egypt the problem is that of learning the language and putting it into practice. But among most of the tribes farther south there has been a beginning upon the language so that practically the only means of access to it is through listening to the talk of the natives and having some one interpret it to him. How eagerly the missionary looks forward to the time when he can translate portions of the Bible and teach the natives to read for themselves.

And there is also the battle against time. There is no place where time flies like it does in the mission field where one is trying to build houses, learn the language, start a school, assist in the clinic work, conduct prayer meetings for workers and clinic people, do village evangelistic work and a hundred other things all at the same time. How to find time for everything is a real problem and often times the temptation is to let the more important things slip.

And in fighting this battle of the mission field there are certain definite needs. There is the need of reinforcements. Doctors, nurses, school teachers, industrial workers, evangelists are all needed to fill up the gaps made by those who have had to go home on account of health or are home on furlough, and to push on into the new fields that are waiting for us. In nearly all the churches at home during the war there were honor rolls for those who had gone out to fight for an oppressed people. Why not have honor rolls in our churches of those who go out to fight for those who are under the bondage of sin?

And we need more ammunition—more money to carry on the battle. And in this every man, woman and child can have a part. The New World Movement has shown us what we can do. Let us keep it up that there may be no need for retrenchment.

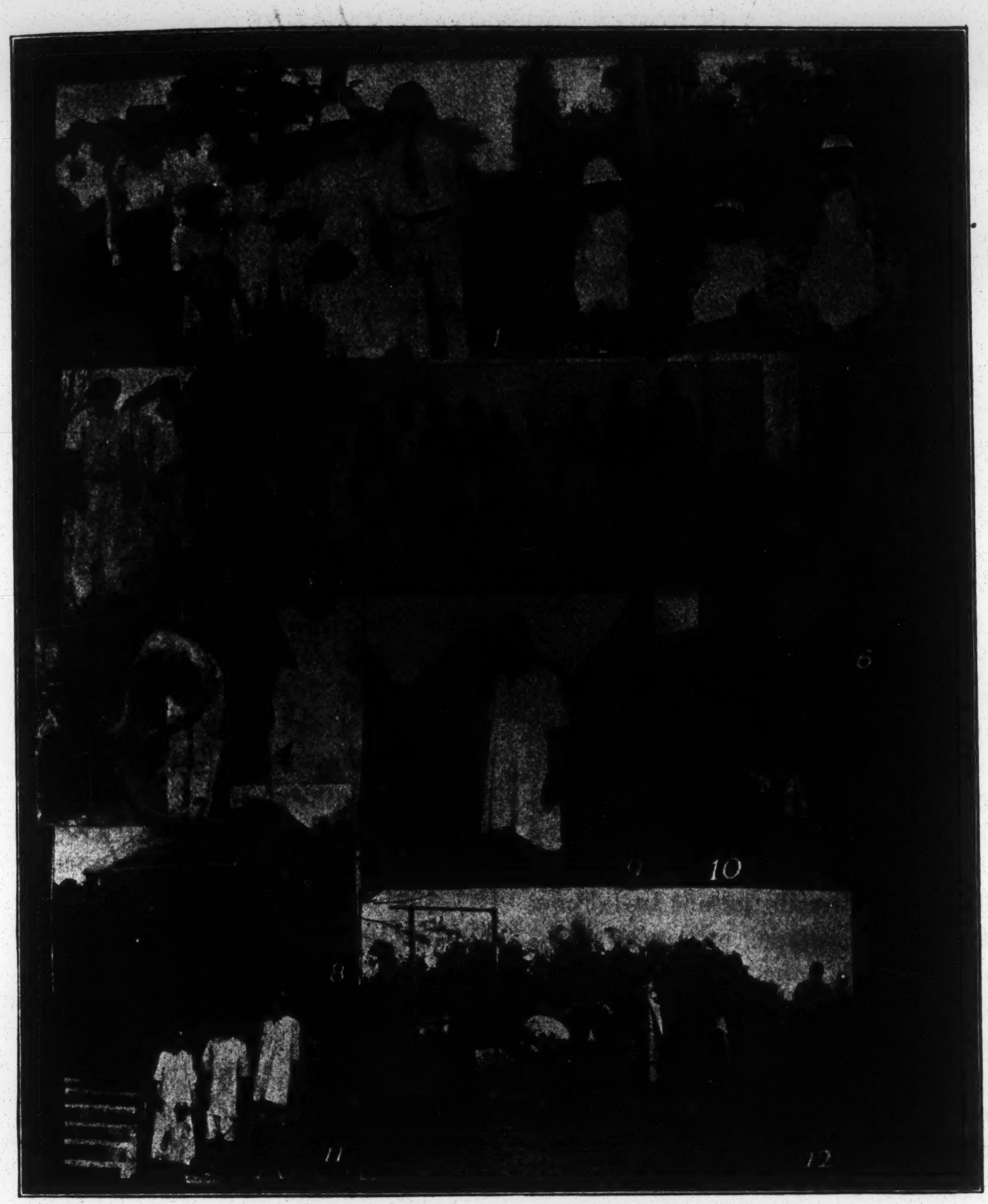
And we need more prayers! During the war, how deeply every one was concerned for the boys who were at the front and how earnestly everyone prayed for them! How much the missionaries covet such a place in the prayers of the church. Pray that we may all be strong and very courageous and may fight well in this battle for lost souls!

THE CALL OF THE BLACKS.

By Mrs. John M. McCleery

As a school girl back in America, I thought I had read a large number of books and magazines dealing with the subject of missions, and therefore thought I should have a fair knowledge of the natives and their living conditions in the various mission fields. But I found that I did not know much. The half has never, and can never be told. We were simply overwhelmed when we landed in Egypt. You have to see it to get the real heart aching feeling for these people. The dirty, filthy, thronging, diseased multitudes so impressed me that I lost my appetite for some time.

Then we came up to the Sudan and observed work and needs about Khartum, the capital of the Sudan, Khartum North, and Omdurman for some time before coming to our station, Dolieb Hill, which is an eight days journey south from Khartum. Our missionaries there are meeting many of the needs of the natives, educationally, religiously and industrially and hope soon to be meeting the needs medically. The progress made in study, and the good manners of the girls and boys of our mission schools there, are proofs that blacks can learn, and that they are susceptible to good training. However, when one looks across the way and sees those towering Mohammedan mosques against the skyline, and realizes that the great majority of the people of the north Sudan are held bond-slaves to Mohammedanism, it is only then that one is able to grasp the immensity of the task before us, and the fewness of the Christian workers holding the lines. We met with three big surprises at Khartum, Namely (1) that Gordon College a supposedly Christian School teaches Mohammedanism and omits the teaching of the Bible, therefore



THE CALL OF THE BLACKS

Scenes in the Sudan Mission Field

Read the articles and place the illustrations

1. The missionary families at Nasser, Smiths, (except Mr. Smith) Adairs, Daniel and his wife, Egyptian Evangelist.
2. Mary and Ellen Smith and Martha Adair with some of their playthings, swing, automobile and kitty. The lime trees in the orchard are the background
3. Dr. Maxwell of Nasser and His Helper.
4. Going to the Laundry.
5. A bunch of wrokers at Nasser. The shorter four are Arab helper, the others Nuers.
6. Two Native Christian "boys" at Nasser. They are brothers Yeek and Goo Gook.
7. Dr. Maxwell caring for the sick at Nasser.
8. The Doctor's House at Nasser. Built by Dr. Lambie.
9. A Native Christian and wife and small son.
10. Sudanese Warrier
11. Mrs. Adair, Martha Adair and two house boys. Taller one 6 ft. 8½ inches, shorter one 6 ft. This shows the size of Nuers.
12. Rev. Paul Smith ready to start on trip to the villages.

the influence of the strongest and best trained leaders of the Sudan is for Mohammedanism, (2) that there is a civil law to the effect that no minor can confess Christ without the consent of his or her parents, which law even prohibits many of our mission school boys and girls from becoming Christians, (3) that the British Government contributes heavily toward the erection of Mohammedan mosques in order that peace may be preserved among the rebellious Mohammedans.

Now let us turn to the Shulla country, our land. These people are very tall, slender, proud, indolent, self-satisfied, and good natured. Although we believe them to be more cleanly than the inhabitants of some of the parts through which we passed in reaching here, still we find an abundance of dirt. They live in round mud huts with thatched roofs. Goats, sheep, chickens, calves, and family all live in the one little room together. A single entrance about *three feet high* constitutes the only source of ventilation, though a few of the more progressive families may have a *six inch hole* covered by a piece of skin for a window. A Shulla wears three varieties of suits on different occasions, ashes for every day, brick dust chiefly for dances and fearfully and wonderfully scented oil for dress occasions.

Adults immediately around here wear a cloth suspended from one shoulder, but back a little farther a string of beads constitutes the chief form of dress. They eat, grabbing with their fingers in a common gourd dish regardless of what filth may be on their hands. Few men are great smokers, using when they smoke a two or three foot family pipe, but the women are great tobacco chewers. If they wish to use the mouth in eating or drinking, they often deposite the chew in the baby's hand or on their dirty sandal until needed again.

Industrially, the need among these blacks is very great. They never knew the meaning of work until the coming of the late Mr. Tidrick who was killed by a lion and of Mr. Guthrie the present industrial missionary. It is true that they plant enough dura each year to keep them if there is no crop failure, and they are able to build neat mud houses and thatch roofs very well, but that is the extent of their labors. But when the taxes are to be paid, they throng the door of the missionary in order to borrow money. This is an opportunity for Mr. Guthrie to make them promise to work out the loan and thus secures more workmen for the many tasks about the mission compound. One cannot estimate the value of the industrial training for it teaches them regularity, punctuality, best methods of doing work, the fact that unsatisfactory work will not do, and that they will receive just rewards for services rendered. Moreover, they are enabled to learn many new kinds of work such as brickmaking, house building, carpentry, gardening and intelligent stock raising, all of which they can apply to their own use for better living conditions. The industrial work here meets the needs of this immediate vicinity, but farther out is village after village and tribe after tribe without an industrial teacher. When may we have some new mission stations in the Sudan? When will we have more workers? When will we have more people who are supporting workers.

Along educational lines the call is equally great. Why, most of them do not even want to learn. So they have to be started a grade lower and taught the desire for the good results coming from an education. However, I do feel that if we had a boy's school and a girl's school here and some good Christian teachers with lots of patience, love, firmness and persistence, things would just go sailing along educationally. This would be one big chance to teach them from infancy up, the Bible and to influence them religiously and socially. As it is, even our native Christians must be told everything regarding God's word, as they cannot read it for themselves. For the same reason they can receive no help from spiritual literature. I wonder how many of us with generations of Christian training, would keep up to par spiritually, if we could not read and meditate on God's word. Had we mission schools here they would do a great work if they taught nothing but hygiene and sanitation. Cleanliness is next to Godliness and these people could be saved from many of their worst diseases by being taught the simplest rules of caring for the body. Of course they are not so fortunate as to have handkerchiefs, bath towels and soap or individual eating ware.

We have just finished reading Dr. Lambies' article, "Abayt, Abayt" in the United Presbyterian, and enjoyed it immensely. Doubtless it is true that the Abyssinians are of higher mentality than are the tribes here in the South Sudan, and doubtless more obvious returns could be realized from them than from our blacks, for the equal amount of money and energy expended. Yes, the climate and malarial infected swamps of the Sobat do retard the progress of these natives and help keep them of a childlike mentality. But must they not be saved from their malaria too? Must not the causes for this state be removed? So much greater the challenge for you young men and women to come here to work. We do want many laborers for Abyssinia; Egypt and India have their urgent calls, but wont some of you volunteer for this big work in the Sudan, and help develop these impoverished souls to a higher state of living?

The call of the blacks for medical attention is unsurpassed. Just a visit to the Dolieb Hill clinic would convince the most antagonistic to missions. Poor, naked, horribly diseased creatures are there in abundance. When I go down to the clinic, I always trouble my husband wanting to know what is wrong with everybody, so ask heaps of questions as the patients come up for treatment, and the Doctor replies something after this manner; "Oh, that child is blind following small pox. Well, this woman's nose has rotted off because of syphilis." "That huge sore on his hip is a result of tuberculosis of the bone. He should have it dressed and made to stay in bed if we had any beds." "That fellow with the loathsome ulcers from head to toe has a good big dose of syphilis. The Shulla language has no word for syphilis, but to the disgrace of his more enlightened brethern, he speaks of it as "the disease of the foreigner." "This group of people with discharging eyes are afflicted so, because of no knowledge of sanitation or cleanliness. Many of them will be blind permanently." "That man needs an operation badly, like many more of them around here.

If we just had a hospital with beds and a nurse to help with the operations, and to see that they stay in bed after the operation. Its rather dangerous to operate as things are, with no assurance of post-operative care." "Well now, that one is a leper. He has come an eight days journey and is now without food and clothing. It is impossible for us in a clinic limited to out-patients, to provide food for the patients as could be done in a hospital. All we can do for him is to give some relief but not to cure." This is an interesting case, that man over there in the corner. He is paralyzed as a result of tuberculosis of the spine, and will never be any better. They have carried him many miles. Wish there was a sanitarium in the Sudan to which he might be sent for comfortable care. Poor fellow, he has been robbed of his cattle in payment for so-called treatment by the witch doctors. A few days after telling him that we could not cure him, his friend brought in a sheep, thinking that the refusal was because of insufficient fees." "Now I have one of the witch doctors in. He slashes into others to cure them but when he gets something wrong with himself, he comes here. This woman here is the result of treatment by one of these fakirs. She is cut in gashes all over her body." "These people have cut their bodies for decorative purposes, and now have become badly infected. *Some* sense of beauty!" "And here are some more fighters. His head is split open so that one can see the brain. This is a big spear wound on this fellow. Every time two villages have a scrap we have a lot of sewing to do, and bones to splint. Get in plenty of these scrappers." "Do you want to see one of my new patients?" My reply is, "Always interested." "He is a very sick Arab, who has been unconscious for more than a day. His diagnosis is cerebro-spinal meningitis. Some men have carried him eight miles. He needs the most careful nursing and nobody to give it."

And so it goes, day after day. These people are truly suffering physically. This station is meeting as best we can, the needs of this immediate vicinity in this respect, but there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and sick cannot be carried very easily more than thirty to fifty miles, so that in contrast with the size of the Sudan, our mission reaches many less than her share.

Would it not be fine if the Sudan could have one doctor for every habitable twenty miles each way? Then the millions back farther would not have to be without medical aid, and the number at any one clinic would not have to be so great that they would have to be inadequately cared for.

The above mentioned needs only testify that this is a land of spiritual darkness and a lost people needing the Savior. The light of the world is Christ. Surely, surely if this Light had entered their lives, they would have wisdom to rise above the living level so nearly akin to that of the beast. We wished again today so much that the spirit of Christ were breathed into these people. For several weeks there has been stealing of cattle going on among them. This morning as we were at breakfast, Ajok, one of the blacks learning industry here, came and announced that there was a battle on between two nearby villages. Mr. Guthrie, Rev. Heasty and Dr. McCleery, the men of our station, ran and climbed the windmill to observe them at a distance. Soon other villages were taking sides with each of the original two, and it looked as though it were going to be a bloody fray. Gathering together a few articles for first aid, the men went to the scene of action. The senior member of the station with the help of some of the native Christian boys by persuasive reasoning, finally succeeded in influencing them to give up the fight and take the matter to the British governor for justice. So, this time there were only a few wounded, instead of many fatally wounded. The men of this tribe, when they fight, fight desperately, using three kinds of weapons.

Another of the outstanding evils which could be healed by the Great Physician, is polygamy. Wives are bought with cows and a man may have as many wives as he can afford to buy at about nine cows each. The King of the Shullas is said to have one hundred wives, and it is said that they must always approach him on their knees. Most of these fueds and battles arise through disagreements over these wives and cows. On the other hand it does make girl babies welcome in the home, since it makes the father quite wealthy if he has many daughters with which to barter for cows.

Another cry of the blacks is in the form of their hopeless wails and lament, their utter lack of consolation and comfort at the times of sickness and death. Oh! if they could just feel the comforting Hand, if all these wrongs were only righted! Just why is it so? Why are these blacks so unfortunately born? When are we going to share our thousands of blessings with them? When, Oh, God, when? May that time come, so soon that even we may have the joy of seeing Thy salvation come to the blackest blacks of Africa!

THE ARAB AND HIS NEED.

By Miss Una Coie, Khartum North

THE so-called Arab of the Sudan is in many respects quite different from the true Arab of Arabia. He is somewhat darker of color being a dark brown rather than shiny black as the real Sudanese. His features are finer and he does not have the thick lips of the Sudanese.

Many of our people of the Northern Sudan can be easily recognized at sight as Arabs both by their appearance and bearing but in some cases they have become so mixed through inter-marriage with the black Sudanese and through the adoption of their customs and superstitions that it is difficult to distinguish them.

The Sudan Arab does not usually wear the customary galabeeyah or robe but in addition to the trousers which reach somewhat below the knees he wears a long piece of cloth perhaps five yards in length wrapped around the waist and the long loose end thrown carelessly over the left shoulder leaving the right shoulder without covering. Usually he wears no head covering but in case of cool weather or extreme heat he may use this long loose end to throw over his head.

His bearing is proud and haughty. He impresses one as being independent and self sufficient, a person hard to reach. For the most part the Arab is a trader, often owning a drove of camels which he uses in carrying his wares of wood or durra from one city to another where he can get the best price. He lives apart from the cities in the more remote places along the river where he can raise his dura for sale. He is clannish, a number of families of Arabs forming a village. He may live in a tent or some other rather unsubstantial sort of a house which does not necessitate much work on moving day.

There are different classes among the Arabs owing to the locality from which they come. The Gialeen are the aristocracy of the Arabs and are more clannish and exclusive than any of the other classes. They speak their own brand of Arabic, much of which is nearer the original classical tongue than what is what is commonly used among the people of the country. Perhaps this is due to their exclusiveness.

Their religion is, of course, Mohammedanism and they are even harder to reach because of their bigotry. The Arab's tent is his mosque.

They have a custom of cutting slashes in the cheek or forehead as a sort of honor or respect shown to a certain sheikh. When one sees these different marks he will know to what locality the person belongs. Three perpendicular slashes with a horizontal slash beneath indicates that the person is from Kassala. This is an especially fine mark to have as it is the same as that borne by the Mahdi. Three perpendicular slashes with a horizontal slash in the middle between each two represents a sheikh at Wad Medani. The women of the household have only one horizontal slash. Three perpendicular slashes with a horizontal slash at the top between the first two is in honor of Sheikh Seyyid Ali of Omdurman who is greatly respected and revered in this part of the country as having ability to cure many kinds of disease with only the touch of his robe or even if his shadow falls on the one who is ill. His yard is counted as a "City of Refuge" to which one may flee for safety.

Three horizontal bars is a truly Arab mark belonging to the Dongolalese. Three tiny perpendicular slashes in the middle of the forehead represent the people from the western Sudan while the mark of two horizontal bars connected at the ends by two perpendicular bars belong to the people of Omdurman only. These marks are cut in the cheek of the child when he is perhaps four or five years old. They are cut deep usually and must be very painful for they look quite gruesome while they are healing.

The Arabs who have inter-marriage have taken up with so many of the Sudanese customs and superstitions that it is difficult to say what are distinctive Arab customs and beliefs. That they believe in witches is not to be doubted. with them there are three kinds, the one comes from the desert and is half man or woman and the other animal. If you wish to get rid of them you must scratch their faces off or beat them. Another kind is a woman. She may die seven times but returns to life again usually in some other part of the country. If one wants her to remain fixed he must put a needle in an old shoe and turn it over so that she can not leave her place.

One day their was a patient brought into the hospital in Omdurman for treatment of severe burns received while in a fit of epilepsy. It was necessary that the patient remain in the hospital for several days and doctors insisted that some one of the relatives of the patient stay to help care for her as there were not enough attendants in the hospital. All refused and almost fled at the request. Finally the doctor compelled one to stay by locking her in the room. Next morning when the room was unlocked the attendant escaped. The doctor learned that the reason for the refusal of all to stay was that they believed if the patient died her spirit would light upon the one who was with her and she would be afflicted with epilepsy. It is their custom in the case of the death of an epileptic to uncover the roof that the spirit may ascend straightway.

The third class of witches are those who are people changed by magic into animals. In some sections if a guest comes in he waits until the host has eaten before partaking of food in case he might be changed into an animal. Perhaps he fears he might become a pig for his seeming greediness and the pig is of course a despised animal among the Mohammedans.

Twins are considered somewhat of a

misfortune as they believe that they change into cats at night and steal milk. While one must be very careful how he treats cats at night lest he find in the morning that he has mistreated one of the twins. To avoid this calamity a dry kantusha or cooking pot must be put under the head of the bed of each at night while they are small.

These are only a very few of the superstitions and barbarous customs, some of which are far worse than I have described, by which the Sudan Arab is bound down.

With all his superstitions and barbarous customs, does the Sudan Arab not need first of all the light of Christ to bring him out of the bondage of darkness into the freedom of the light?

But how is he to be reached? By nature he is proud and self-reliant. Those who have intermingled with the black Sudanese and live in the cities may come in contact with Christianity. There are mission schools to which their boys and girls might come and some of them do come. But what of those in the remoter districts. We have only three or four evangelists in the very far scattered districts and they can only reach a very limited few. We might almost say "What are these among so many." We do need your prayers that God's blessing may be upon these evangelists and that they may be truly filled with the Spirit and consecrated for service.

We need your prayers for the Arabs that He may open up their proud hearts to receive His messengers with the message that they may come to know the truth which shall make them free.

THE BLACK MOSLEM.

By Rev. Ried Frampton Shields, Omdurman.

THE history of the North Sudan is not unlike that of Egypt. The wealth of the Nile Valley, even this far up, has at all times invited invasion; the land presents no great natural difficulties; and the people who have lived here have always been unsettled and migratory so that many races have come and occupied for a time until driven out by one more powerful. They have left a few marks in tombs and temples and churches and crumbled fortresses and cities, but more upon the people. There are tribes with Semetic or European features and tribes which speak some relics of forgotten tongues. But the most important conqueror to us has been the Arab. He now dominates the North Sudan but he has not been able to exterminate the original inhabitants. In many instances, notably the Berbers, he has not even been able to force his language upon them.

He has, however, been able to impose his religion and his tribal organization upon the people wherever he has gone. He has also intermarried freely with them until now the North Sudan in whatever tribal division, is populated by a race of people who call themselves Arabs, and we accept the name, though they are not Arabians and are for the most part black or very dark brown.

But there is another cause which has contributed very largely to the mixed population of the North Sudan—the traffic in slaves, which nowhere as in Central Africa continued so long or caused so many bloody expeditions and conquests. From earliest history down to the memory of many of you the blight of the slave trader has been on this land. General Charles Gordon rung its death-knell but in the years before his murder was avenged the land was scourged by two of its greatest offenders—the Nahdi and the Khalifa—who brought tens of thousands of these wretched negroes to Omdurman as slaves. The population of Omdurman was estimated to be at least a half million then. When the English occupied the country these people were returned to their homes as far as possible but great numbers of them had no homes and they remained. The slave traffic was stopped; slaves were given an opportunity to secure their freedom and most have done so, their number constantly growing smaller. And now these freedmen form a considerable part of the population in Omdurman and it is of them I write. They are not the only Moslems who are black; they are not the only negroid Moslems for many tribes have been converted by the trader missionaries of Islam. But the Black Moslem of this paper is the black Moslem of North Sudan.

Nominally this man is a Sunni and his beliefs are just like those of his millions of co-religionists of white, or brown or yellow skin. He worships the Koran and he practices the five points of Islam. But his religion is a graft and the old stock is pretty much in evidence still. He is terribly superstitious, being ruled by his fear of evil spirits and particularly the evil eye. To combat these he wears numberous amulets and charms from babyhood to the grave, and he buys protection from a "fiki" in time of special distress. The Black Moslem is readily impressed by any claims of supernatural power, believes easily and implicitly in fikis or mahdis or promised spiritual and political deliverers, and the practices of these fikis or religious teachers seems sometimes very near to those of the witch doctor of animistic days in curing diseases or driving out the evil eye. The Black Moslem also takes very easily and joyfully to the zikr and other religious demonstrations and dances. He is not so strict in keeping all the Moslem laws and his women are much less restricted than in some other Moslem lands. I have more than once seen such a woman use her fists in an argument with a man. Today, jst outside the school, a woman and a man were debating the matter of his going home. He slapped her and told her to go on if she wanted to (and also several other things, untranslatable). The woman doubled up her fist and "biffed him one" which persuaded him to move docilely on. I think that would not happen among most Moslems.

On the other hand, the Black Moslem is very fanatical and bigoted. His knowledge of Moslem law and Moslem tradition is very sketchy but his hatred of non-Moslems is well grounded. His life and his experiences are narrower than you can easily conceive without knowing him; his ignorance of history is absolute and of geography is almost so; he believes just what his sheikh or fiki tells him and he works himself into a frenzy in the zikr and the dance. His thought processes seem past finding out by a Westerner; he seems always to arrive at a wrong conclusion; and after a discussion he may admit the reasonableness of your position only to calmly set it all aside by saying "but this is not our custom." It is such characteristics that hatred and bigotry feed upon.

The percentage of literacy among these people is almost neglible. Coming so recently as they have from slavery it is to be expected that among the older people the illiteracy would be absolute. They are called by Arabs and Egyptians, in the most contemptuous tone, "abeed" which means slaves and are considered unable to learn. They have so long been treated in this contemptuous fashion that they have come to consider themselves unable to learn. But they are anxious that their sons shall have a larger opportunity than they have had. In this is their hope and our prospect. Many of this younger generation have attended school and become government clerks; many more are still in school. But the number of these boys is not in proportion to the percentage of population which the Black Moslem represents. They are always discriminated against in the government schools in favor of the Arab boys. The Asst. Director of Education once told me that they would accept only a limited number of these black boys and only those who were particularly promising or whose fathers were government officials. They prefer Arab boys because "they have a history and a wealth of tradition." But their history is not noble and their traditions are not such as inspire to lofty achievement. The percentage of literacy among them is much higher and they have benefitted by their closer connection to the old civilization. However, it has been my experience in school that the little Black Moslems are as alert and ambitious and teachable as the Arabs or Egyptians. It is likely, as with all races whose development has been so long arrested, that as a class they would not do so well as the others in Secondary School or higher but this deficiency would surely be overcome in the second or third generation. Neither are they among the skilled workers, but the few whom I have observed seems as adept as their neighbors and industrial training would be a great boon to them and offers a large field for mission work. The Black Moslem, along with all other North Sudanese, has no idea of the dignity of labor or of any effort which is not necessary to supply immediate needs.

This, very briefly, is the Black Moslem. His material needs are greater than those of the Arab Sudanie though his spiritual needs are not for both are equally distant from the Christ. But his needs come to us with particular appeal for he is the real Sudanie, and he has suffered so much and so long. Several strong Christian kingdoms in the North Sudan blocked the advance of the Moslem invader long after he had overrun other countries of the Nearer East. But these made much of their revenue from the sale of human slaves and as they became weaker for a long time bought their continued existence from the Moslem by large gifts of slaves. Perhaps that is why our Lord rejected them. The early church's failure is the present church's responsibility. As they contribute so largely to the misery of these poor blacks let us contribute largely to their salvation. Their greatest need is not for education nor industrial and social betterment. They need the Gospel and their only hope of getting it seems to lie with us.

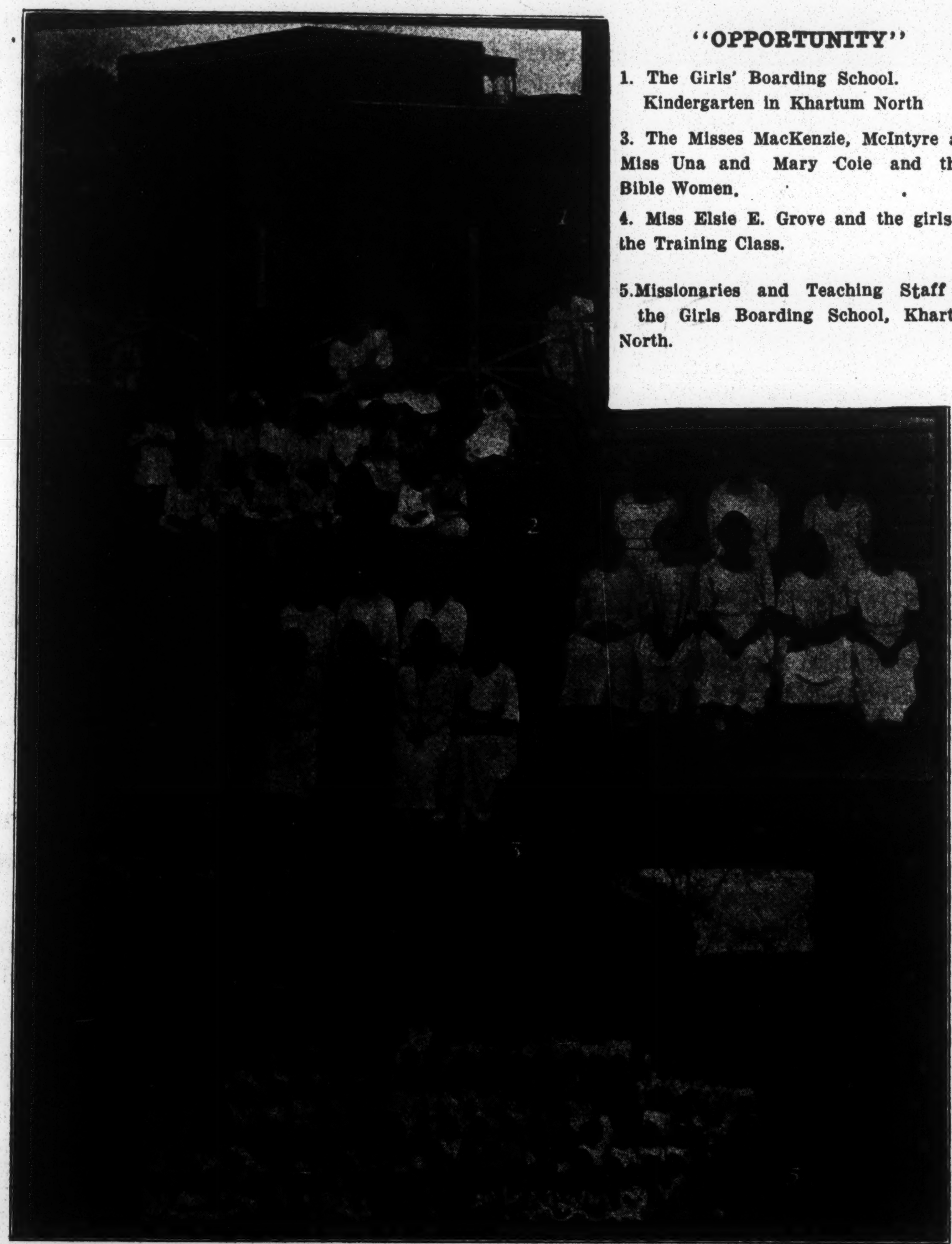
THE GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, ITS OPPORTUNITY AND INFLUENCE.

By Miss Elsie E. Grove, Khartum, North.

Its Opportunity.

WHEN those who opened this Boarding School years ago were talking of, planning for, and speculating about the first year they were warned not to be disappointed if they did not have more than ten girls the first year; what then do you think must have been their feelings when before the end of the first year they had thirty girls! Yes, thirty girls with "Opportunity" written all over them, and that in letters so large that only those who have seen them or girls like them can really appreciate the opportunity. For a boarding school there must needs be two or three servants and upon them also was the word written; nor does the opportunity end here, but goes out into the various homes of those thirty girls and the greatness of the opportunity must have been almost enough to stagger those to whom it came.

A few years later they are planning the building for the boarding school, a building which is supposed to last through the years and be sufficient for the needs of the growing work and some one interested keeps telling them "you



"OPPORTUNITY"

1. The Girls' Boarding School.
Kindergarten in Khartum North

3. The Misses MacKenzie, McIntyre and Miss Una and Mary Coie and their Bible Women.

4. Miss Elsie E. Grove and the girls of the Training Class.

5. Missionaries and Teaching Staff in the Girls Boarding School, Khartum North.

THE GIRL'S BOARDING SCHOOL AT KHARTUM NORTH—ILLUSTRATED are not planning large enough, you are not planning large enough," and the answer comes back "it will be years and years before this building is filled if it is ever filled",—and so it is built.

Again a few years later,—the building has been completed for some time, a large spacious building called by many of the natives "El Sureya;" (the palace) already it is full and overflowing with girls upon whom "Opportunity" is written just as largely as upon those first thirty girls. Yes, and I wish that I could tell you the number of girls that have had to be turned away for lack of room during this past year, and written upon the back of each as she turned to leave one wide awake to the opportunities round about might have seen "Your lost Opportunity."

And now, once again we have planned,—a new wing to the building and some extra rooms, but as I think of the requests for reservation for next year which have already come in, as I think of the number of girls we have turned away this year, I begin to wonder have we planned large enough? I look out to the north of us and I see a native village, less than a half mile distant, made up of hundreds of mud houses, and we have scarcely touched it; I go out into this village and walk through it, some timid little girl scampers away and hides within or behind one of the houses and peers out to see what is wanted, others a little more courageous or perhaps who know us a little better gather around and upon each one I see written "Your opportunity." "We are dirty because no one has ever taught us any better, we are ignorant and superstitions because we have never had any one to teach us; our faces are dull and expressionless because we know nothing of Him who came to this earth to save His people, and the light of whose love shines in your faces." I look toward the setting sun and again I see mud houses stretching off into the distance with their portion of needy girls; to the south and it is the same thing; to the east, and I see more of those mud houses and I know that within many of them are girls that we might and should be helping, yes, over all is written "Your opportunity" and I begin to wonder will we ever really realize how great is our opportunity? Will we ever be able to meet it if we do to any extent realize it?

Nor does our opportunity end in the villages right around us, this is a boarding school and there are many towns and villages in distant parts of the Sudan where there are no girl's schools and so ours is the opportunity of helping those who in these distant places have come to realize that their girls as well as their boys should be educated.

Their is a tremendous opportunity which we have here that I would like to mention and that is our opportunity for work with Moslem girls. Throughout the entire history of the school, I think I am safe in saying, half or more than half of our girls have been Moslem, and what is the significance of that? It means that just so many Moslem girls have been present for chapel exercises and prayers at the opening of the school each day and also for a Bible lesson one half hour in length each day in both the Old and the New Testament. For those who are boarders it means more than that, it means that they attended a preaching service each Sabbath morning in the chapel and Sabbath School in the afternoon as well as a mid week preaching service, it means that they have had morning and evening prayers as well as a blessing in the dining room before each meal. It means that just so many Moslem girls have come in close contact with Christians in their daily lives and have accepted instructions from those whom they are supposed to despise, and it means that they have been taught of Him who died that they might have life. Is it not a tremendous opportunity?

Its Influence

And what shall we say for the influence of the Boarding School? If it be true that life can not touch life without having some influence upon it, and we doubt it not, then truly we have the right to expect that with the hundreds of girls who have touched our lives here and have gone out from us that a tremendous influence has gone out with them; and as one life can not realize, can not estimate the influence they exert over those with whom they come in contact no more can we estimate or have any conception of the influence which goes out from this place. Could we know exactly what the lives of these girls would have been had they never come to the boarding school and then could we follow them after they leave here and keep in close touch with them then perhaps we might know something of the influence which goes out, but it is impossible for us to keep in touch with all of those who go out from us. I wonder what other boarding school would have quite the difficulty in following up the girls that we meet here; perhaps the majority of our girls come from the homes of the official class, that is the Egyptians who come to the Sudan in Government service, and most of these do not remain in one place for any length of time but are moved here and there in the Sudan and then after a time they are returned to Egypt and are lost to us in the hundreds of villages and towns there. Or perhaps the girl is taken down when they go on vacation and is married to some man in their home village; perhaps she is married to some Government official who remains a few months in one place and then is removed to another. So it is almost impossible for us to keep in touch with the girls who leave us. But whether we are able to follow them or not we have the assurance that our labor is not in vain in the Lord, and that His word will not return unto Him void, but that it will accomplish that which He pleases.

However, we are very much encouraged by the lives of some of those whom we are able to follow; some are teachers and the influence of this school is multiplying in the lives of those girls who are pupils of our girls; some are in homes of their own and as we go into these homes we know that they are better as a result of the school, and we feel assured that their children will be better trained because of our influence on the life of the mother.

Four of our Moslem girls have been baptized and taken into the church, another one asked for baptism, she has had the consent of her mother that she might be baptized for some time now and had been waiting for the same from her father, and as I finished this his answer came that she was old enough now and would have to decide for herself, her request will now be sent to the Government and we trust that before we leave for vacation she will have been baptized. There is still another one of whom we are quite hopeful, she is very faithful in her attendance at our little voluntary prayer meeting and always takes part in the meeting. Who can tell how great the influence of these girls?

Then come with me into this little prayer group and hear Christian and Moslem alike presenting their requests for prayer and hear those Moslem girls praying in the name of Christ with the others and tell me if you can the influence which goes out from that prayer room.

And now might I give but a glimpse of the influence which I covet for our Girl's Boarding School in the months and years to come and I am finished. As I look down through the years I see our own boarding school with a full staff of teachers and helpers, well trained, strong Christian characters, reflecting credit on the school that has done so much for them and helping to pass on to hundreds of other girls the influence which has meant so much to them. I see not only our own school well staffed with such strong Christian characters but I see them in the schools of our sister mission here in the Sudan; I see them in the Government schools letting their light shine as best they can; I see them going about into the homes of their less fortunate sisters as Bible women bringing to these that which has made their lives what they are even the influence of the lowly Nazarene; and last but not least I see many, many homes, real homes that are such because the wives and mothers in these homes have carried the influence of the school with them are passing that same influence on to their neighbors; all of these girls whether in the school room, going about the village teaching others, or home makers, all of them following the example of Him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

"THE BOY'S HOME: ITS AIM AND NEEDS."

By Rev. Raymond L. Edie, Khartum.

NOT long ago one of the Sudan missionaries was invited by the Church of England's Bishop of Egypt and the Sudan to address a union meeting of Sudan missionaries in Gordon Chapel, Khartum, on "The Aims and Ideals of the Boy's Home." Bishop Gwynne wished his fellow workers and missionaries of the Church Missionary Society to catch the vision of service that he knew was in the mind and heart of Dr. Giffen. It is the desire of every missionary, every pastor and all the members of the Boards in America that every one who is interested in foreign service may catch the vision of the aims and ideals of true missionary service.

The missionaries are also frequently asked to tell of their needs. Letters come from the different parts of the States and from missionaries in Hawaii China, India and other fields requesting us to tell of our needs, of the needs of some particular boy in the school saying, "We want to interest our own Mission class or group of boys and girls in definite work." Only a short time ago such a letter came from Paia, Hawaii stating "Our Sabbath School has now sent $100.00 to the Boy's Home," and asking that we send these boys and girls a letter telling them of our needs that "they may become interested in definite missionary activity." In other words they want to spread the vision of service.

And so it is the aim of this article to tell briefly something of the aims and needs of the Boy's Home as they are related to the Vision of Missionary Service in the Sudan.

Certainly no institution can live long nor be of much value to mankind without certain definite aims and the measure of its influence will depend upon the quality and standard of those aims.

The Boy's Industrial Home was conceived in the minds and hearts of Dr. and Mrs. Giffen many years ago. As they came to the land "shadowing with

SMALL BOYS OF THE HOME

1. Aabd ErRahman
2. James
3. Scol
4. Ajack
5. Luke
6. Ibrihim
7. Aabdalla
8. George
9. & 10 Two Boys from Abyssinia of the Home in Khartum.
11. Boys Home in Khartum

ALL THE BOYS IN FRONT OF THE HOME

wings” and to “a people tall and smooth—whose land the rivers divide,” theirs was a pioneer commission. To them was entrusted the discovery of the best means of making to shine the light of the Gospel in the hearts of a people just emerging from the cruel, ignorant and ruthless regime of the Mahdi. They found slavery and starvation, sin and superstition, ignorance and illiteracy. They found nakedness and filth and a people who only used two words, “Malesh” and “Bookra”, the spirit of “never-mind” and “to-morrow”—don't care and procrastination.

After a time a permanent location was found. Continuous acts of kindness and mercy with hearts full of love and sympathy begot confidence. One by one a father a mother or a friend would bring in a helpless child, perhaps an orphan, or one who had been cast aside, a sick or under-nourished one, little ones in whom were souls precious in the sight of the missionaries and more precious in the sight of the Master.

For the Master's sake they were cared for. Little waifs, three months old were nourished back to life. Little boys who had never had proper nor sufficient food were cared for day after day until they could play and laugh like the other boys.

Little boys who came from under a cruel stick and filthy surroundings were shown the joy of knowing a father's love and a mother's care.

Now all of these little ones as they grew up year after year came to find a very secure place in the hearts of the missionaries who had cared for them. They had become a part of the family and of the Home. They had been taught honesty in truth telling. and in living. They had been taught diligence and faithfulness in performing certain designated tasks. They had been taught honour and that the honour and standard of the Home depended upon the behavior of each one.

And so it was observed that during this formative period of child life, these children had begun to develop characters of Christian type; that the constant contact with the personalities of the missionaries was having a permanent effect and that certain ideals were being realized. One incident goes to illustrate. One day a member of the Intelligence Department of the Sudan Government was visiting the school and remarked: "Nowwhere else here have I seen boys look at you with such intelligent faces as these boys."

The one great aim of the Boy's Home, therefore, is to bring to the boys of the Sudan all the blessings that are connected with the training and influence of a Christian Home. They are the blessings of the knowledge of Love, Trust and Obedience,transferred from an earthly to a Heavenly Father. It means honesty in dealing in a country where truth is hardly known. It means purity in conduct amongst a people whose religion makes for impurity. It means unselfish service in a country where every man's hand is for himself.

To be sure the missionary meets with many disappointments in following the vision. There are always a few of the boys who fall away and the missionary is lead to wonder if his time and prayers have not been in vain. Then he observes that there are two boys making good in the Posts and Telegraphs, another in the Bank, several others as teachers, another as a conductor and so on. Finally a letter comes from the Manager of the Bank saying: Have you any more boys you can recommend? Your boys seem to develop into better clerks than other boys."

And the missionary is glad. These are his rewards.

Or perhaps there is something going on amongst the boys that is wrong and one of the boys comes and explains for the sake of the Home and truth itself. Or the missionary notes a boy coming in late to lunch and bowing his head to say Grace—not to be seen of any one—but becauses he rings true and dares to face the crowd. These are boys, and there are many of them, who catch the spirit of the Home and its aim and ideals and follow on.

Industrial Possibilities!

But the Home has another great aim in view. The Sudan is a great country and a land of wonderful industrial possibilities. To train boys to become clerks does not train them to such a very high service and often places them in very tempting and difficult surroundings. So with the great aim of establishing a real Home has been coupled that of giving industrial training.

To realize these aims many needs manifest themselves. Money is generally the first and primary need. But the Home was not so founded. The first boys of the Home were not cared for by Mission funds. They were a part of Dr. and Mrs. Giffen's own home. As their number increased the burden became too great however and room, bedding, clothing and teachers had to be provided. The Mission asked the Board for funds and certain grants were made; but there has always been such a demand for these little ones to be taken into the Home that there was always the temptation to take more of them than was provided for. For their support the other missionaries and friends have given freely. The group of little boys in the picture are boys supported in this way. Some of these boys have been in the Home since they were three months old and are the outcome of many an anxious moment and many a weary night of care. But it has paid and these boys are now the pride of the Home.

The larger picture shows all the boys out in front of the present Home, over thirty in all. They are all bright, happy boys and full of play or ready for work as the call comes. Each one of them has his own task in the Home and the larger boys take the responsibility and teach the smaller ones how to perform the work that is given to them.

But a second or industrial aim has been supplied for the time being. Several thousand dollars have been sent to the field and the Committee has purchased 215 acres of land just outside of the city. Owing to the war and difficult building conditions no attempt has been made as yet to erect any buildings.

At a recent meeting, however, the Committee took action as follows: "(1) That information be secured from the government as to roads, canals or other public operations which would aid in locating the buildings for the New Boy's Home.

"(2) That the committee endeavor to plot the ground for as many units as seems feasible.

"(3) That a unit consist of:

(a) Not less than three acres of ground.

(b) A residence for the missionary in charge.

(c) A dormitory for not to exceed 35 pupils.

(d) Other necessary buildings.

(It should be noted that the main school building when constructed will be common to all units).

"(4) That a beginning be made this year by sinking the well for this unit and laying the foundations for the residence."

The paramount present need seems to be the carrying out of these plans. Mr. H. B. Gephardt has been located in the Home and as a mechanical engineer will be indespensable in the carrying out of these plans. The Board has been asked to send still another missionary for the new institution so that it might be equipped with three missionaries, two of whom would always be on the field.

Thus far the Home has been in the care of Dr. and Mrs. Giffen alone with the assistance of Miss Mary Habid, a Syrian teacher who has been in the Home for ten years. Only those who have lived in the Home and observed her faithfulness and diligence in assisting in the care of the boys know how valuable she has been and is in their training and teaching.

One of the first and greatest needs as the boys are moved to their new location will be some competent one to take Sitt Mary's place. The Board has also been asked to send a missionary from home to filll this place, to become matron of the new Home.

The most immediate need is the plotting of the ground and carrying out of the plans proposed above by the Committee. Much time and patience and hard work will be required but it is hoped that within a couple of years the industrial aim of the Home will be, in a measure, realized.

These then are some of the aims and needs of the Home. Many other might and perhaps should be mentioned and chief of them is the spiritual need. Situated as missionaries are, in environments where their own spiritual lives are drawn upon rather than nourished, where climate and customs are so trying, they need the prayers of spirit-filled lives that they may be filled with the "fulness of Him that filleth all in all."

The boys as they go out from the Home to their homes or to their work also need prayers that they may resist and overcome temptations and that they may remain faithful to what they know is right and true.

As we think of these aims and as we supply these needs the "Vision of Service" becomes ours, enlarged and enlarged upon.

"No service in itself is small
Nor great though earth it fill;
But that is small which seeks its own,
And great which seeks God's will."

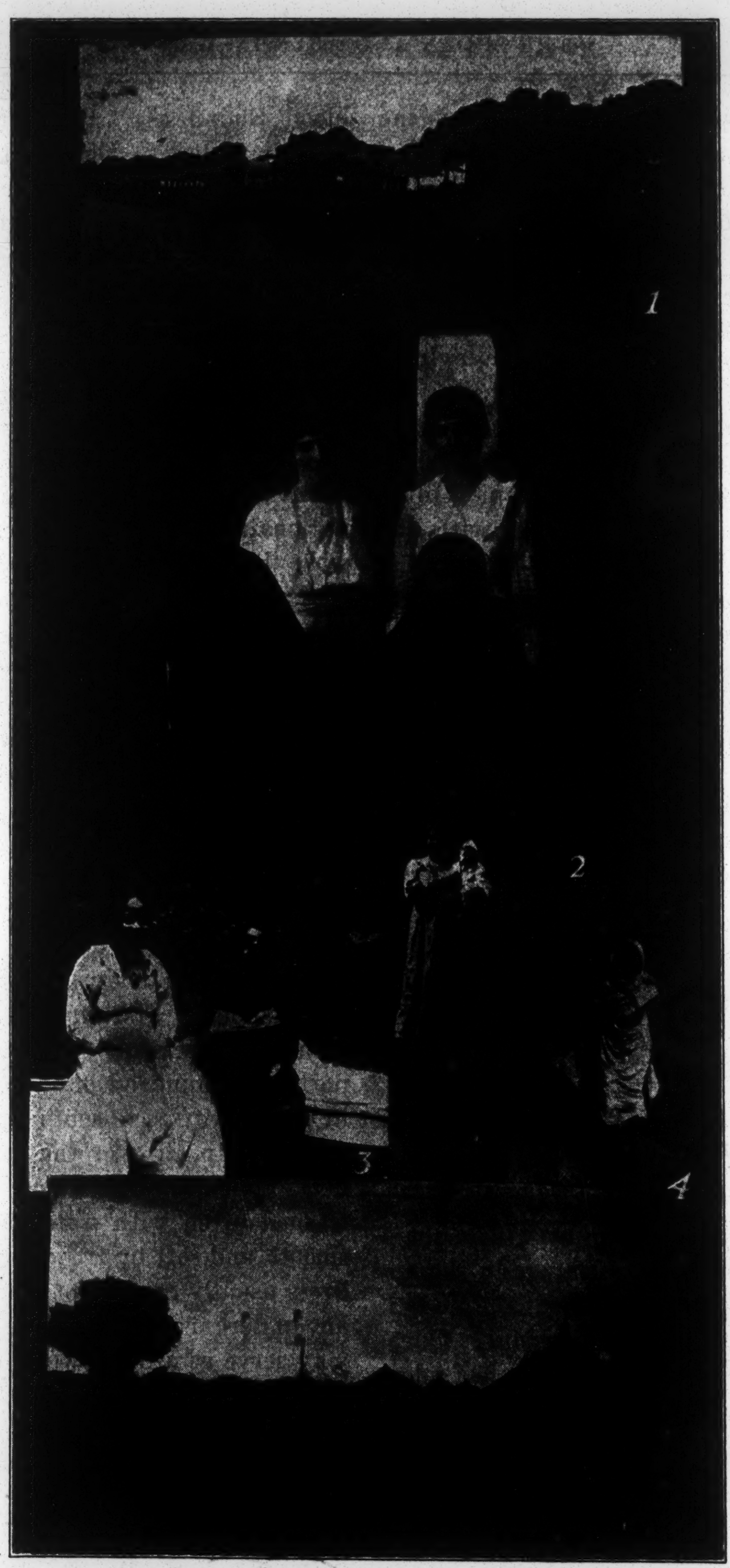
THE SUDANESE WOMAN AND HER OUTLOOK.

By Miss Aulora McIntyre, Omdurman, Sudan.

WHOM do we mean by "the Sudanese woman?" Naturally the answer is that she is a native of the Sudan. But just here comes confusion. Questions arise. What is her race, her color, her characteristics? The native woman of the Sudan may be black, brown or white and of many different races. There is a class of women in the Sudan who could not be easily classified. It is hard to conceive of a greater mixture of blood than can be found here in the Sudan. I attended an engagement of one of our girls whose mother is a full blood Sudanese. Her father was an Egyptian Jew. The engagement was held in the home of an Aunt who is a Jewess, but her wooly hair, dark skin and features betrayed her Sudanese blood. Her husband is an Italian. Some of his children by a former wife, an Italian woman, were present and some of them had red hair and the usual fair skin. The daughter of the second wife and the Italian was a pretty light brown skinned girl but what shall I call her nationality? All of these except possibly the Italian men were natives of the Sudan. Among the other relatives present were Egyptians, Sudanese, Europeans, representing Jewish, Christian, Coptic and Moslem religions.

But the one of whom we commonly think when we speak of the Sudanese woman is in a distinct class and her description will apply to the great majority of native women in the Northern Sudan. She is black in color, has a broad flat nose, smooth shiny skin, straight supple body and is usually tall and slender. Her wooly hair is parted from her forehead back and braided in perhaps a hundred or more tiny braids in such a way as to confine the hair close to the scalp all over the head, giving a neat appearance. Her skin is not washed often with water but is kept smooth and soft by frequent oiling. Her dress usually consists of a short skirt for an undergarment and the tobe which may serve as a dress while in the house, and draped over the head and about the body in an ingenious manner serves as an outer garment when on the street. With very slight differences this describes her from childhood to old age.

Characteristically the Sudanese woman has little initiative, is amiable but quick tempered and passionate. She will fly into a violent rage with little



1. A Sudan City—Partly Civilized
2. Misses McIntyre and MacKenzie and their Bible Women.
3. Um Sadeega and Her Pupil
4. Sudanese Girls Inside the "Hosh"
5. A Sudanese Village in the Tall Grass. Uncivilized.

provocation and manifests little self control. She is highly emotional but she seems to have little of the religious instinct. She is seldom seen at prayers. Their careless mode of living fosters laziness and indifference to sanitary conditions. My observations has led me to believe that she is cruel and has as little regard for the suffering of the brute creation as do the men of her race. In suffering herself, she is most patient. Her endurance of pain without flinching is most remarkable. When one hears of some of the terrible customs of this land of which women are the victims and the suffering incident to these from early childhood, through motherhood and up to old age, one marvels at their cheerful endurance. One wonders if after all they have no feelings or is it because this has been their lot so long that they take it as a matter of course and make no complaint. Strange to say the women are even more tenacious for these customs than are the men and insist on their being carried out lest some evil which they conceive of as being greater should come to them.

One of the Church Missionary Society nurses remarked that if a Sudanese baby survived the first four days of existence it could surely endure anything after that. One sees the little things with no covering on head or body, wearing perhaps a string of beads with amulets attached, about the neck and waist, rings in the ears and sometimes in the nose, with bracelets and anklets, and dressed thus they may be exposed for hours to the boiling tropical sun. The tiniest babies are treated so. You see them bound to their mother's backs, pappoose fashion though not nearly so comfortable, and here they sway and pitch as she does all sorts of hard physical labor out in the sun.

As a matter of fact the typical Sudanese woman knows nothing of what we consider comfort. Perhaps they get comfort from things that we would not. The bare little room with its dusty mud floor, an angareeb, a tiny stool on which they sit crouched up while they work, a few food recepticles scattered about the floor, the family squatting among them and dipping the kissera into the common pot, the basin containing live coals on which the pot of tea simmers near at hand, this describes their surroundings. The close little room is often so full of smoke one can hardly breathe, the pigeons fly in and out, light on the floor and scrape up dust to mingle with the smoke. So fearful are they of fresh air that even the tiny windows near the top of the room are often filled up with old rags. In the winter when there is a chill in the air and we put on our sweaters and close our doors, they wear just the same clothing as in the fierce summer heat. They seem to have no conception of nor desire for making themselves comfortable. Of course they are not sensitive to nauseating dirt and filth as that is their normal condition.

The Problems of the Missionary

Just here we face one of the most subtle and difficult things in our endeavor to help them—their absolute contentment with their condition and our problem is to awaken within them a realization that there are possibilities of bettering their condition, and creating a desire for something higher and nobler. One is often impressed with their attitude toward the things that constitute so much of their lives. They seem to work only to get something to eat and wear. There seems to be no joy in the work for the work's sake. They go about it in a mechanical way as if nothing mattered much. Time is of little value to them except to pass it by so why should they economize time? neither do they feel differently about your time. They never hurry. If they don't finish what they began today, there is tomorrow.

We have looked into the dark recesses of the life of the Sudanese woman as she is today. What shall be her future? What can we prophesy for her? One conclusion we have reached is that she is quite contented with her condition bad as it is and quite willing that her children shall live as she has lived. Another conclusion is evident. Not only is she lacking in vision but she lacks initiative. Left to herself, she not only has no desire for a change but has no idea as to the manner in which she might raise herself. Furthermore had she the desire and the initiative she would meet nothing but discouragement from her husband and male relatives. He is quite satisfied that she should serve him in the future as she has in the past. "Why should a man want a wife who can read? Perhaps then she will not want to make his cakes for him." So said our cook in discussing the probabilities of marriage for our girls in the Girl's Boarding School. Then the Sudanese man is sincere in thinking what he often asserts that she has no mind; that she is a donkey. Why try to teach her? Her avenues of escape from the narrow confines of her secluded life are few. She cannot go to school if she would. She must be reached in the home.

The doctor, the nurse, the hareem worker, these only will be given admission. She has many needs, physically that medical care can meet and by meeting which not only may her life be made more endurable but an opening be made for giving her the eternal truths that will prepare her for the life to come. To the hareem worker comes the great opportunity and privilege of giving her a new vision of life and its possibilities, of awakening in her the desires and longings essential to the realization of these visions. It is no easy task that confronts one who desires to introduce into this darkness a ray of light. Superstition, custom, religion, all so closely related as to merge into one, all these will combine against the forces of light.

Only He who is the Source of the light can penetrate this darkness. Only the unseen but eternal force by which God controls all His creatures can meet this need and these forces are ours for the asking. These go not out but by prayer and fasting.

REACHING THE HEART OF THE BLACK MAN.

By Rev. J. A. Heasty, Omdurman, Sudan.

REACHING the heart of the black man! What a tremenduous task, with his vast territories as yet untouched, his languages unwritten and little known. Comparatively speaking, so very little has been done to reach his heart that only those who have had years of experience should venture an opinion on the subject. The new missionary however must learn his lesson readily and the first is, to attempt the task assigned whether or not he may be qualified for the job.

Having lived but three and one half months in a very limited portion of the black man's country and possessing a very meager knowledge of his language, customs and mode of thought our remarks must be based solely upon observation. And off course what we have to say shall apply only to that portion of the black man's country with which we are most familiar viz: the Southern Sudan.

We sometimes wonder, when far from the black man's country whose customs, color, habits and mode of life are so different from our own, if we do not find ourselves thinking him a different creature. So much so perhaps that different laws must be found for reaching his heart. But at heart we wonder if he is really different from ourselves. Indeed, when you have lived with him long enough, that, his color, his ornaments and his dress or lack of dress no longer seems strange but becoming, you are amazed at how like yourself he really is. He is human in every sense of the word. He is selfish, haughty, proud hospitable, mannerly and unmannerly, attractive and unattractive. His children like all children are imitators. When he builds they play at building, when he herds his flocks they mold cattle from clay and build miniature cattle pens, when he goes to war they mold men of clay make spears from large stalks of grass by adding a little clay about an inch from the large end which gives it weight and makes it carry well and then they play soldier, spearing the enemy, when he goes to church or they are in the habit of attending, perhaps they may be found on the river bank with a house the type of the mission church playing church. There is the girl who giggles and titters all the while, the giddy girl and then the modest quiet and reserved. There is the awkward boisterous boy and the tease. Then you find the "smarty" and the "dude" who loves to display his finery before the public, which consist largely of ornaments and head dress rather than a superabundance of fine clothes. In temperament, disposition and passion he is the very counterpart of ourselves. Indeed there has not been a single human trait observed in one that is not found in the other. Although the color of skin is not the same God has made the hearts identical and therefore His laws for reaching the human heart are the same the world over.

You must first win his confidence, convince him of sin and his need of a Savior and then apply the Gospel to his heart. The environment of the black man makes this process much more difficult than in the home land.

The White Man's Sins Follow Him!

The wrongs wrought by the white man in the black man's country are not easily forgotten. The children learn the story at the mother's knee and almost instinctively flee when a white man enters the village. It takes an untold number of kind acts and words, deeds of mercy, and expressions of sympathy to repair the wrongs of generations and win back a lost confidence. It is of necessity a slow process since so few really know the white man as a follower of Christ.

The following incident is often repeated by the natives and shows how one man was able to win the confidence of the black man. He was making a long hike across country and was passing thru the country of another tribe. He had taken food for himself but his helpers had intended to get theirs in the villages thru which they passed. When they reached the country of another tribe they were refused food. It came time to eat and they urged the missionary to eat but refused saying he would not eat when those with him could not and there was not enough food to divide. He said he would wait until they had killed an animal and all would eat together. As a result he traveled all day under a tropical sun without food. Such sympathy and thoughtfulness goes far to win back the confidence of the black man.

The work of the medical department has done much to break down the barrier of superstition and win the confidence of the people to the message we teach. Vaccination for small pox a plague that was very deadly here last year, has done much in winning the universal confidence of the people. It was well expressed by an old man in one of the villages after a village service. He said, "formerly we did not believe in your message. Last year what you told us about vaccination was true those who refused to be vaccinated died and those who were did not, now we believe your message." These are some of the many things that must be done to win the black man' confidence.

The second step is perhaps the most difficult of all, to convince him that he is a sinner and in need of a Savior. Why should he acknowledge sin? He has a standard of his own and perhaps does not see why he should be judged by the standard of another. Then too we must remember he does not live in a land where Christian influence has moulded a public conscience whereby all men know themselves to be sinners. We know of only one method that will convict of sin viz. so living the gospel of Christ before him that he shall see wherein he fails to measure up.

But granting that you have won his confidence and convinced him that he is a sinner how are you to apply the Gospel. He has no Bible as we know it, only a few select portions having been translated into the tongue with which he is familiar. If he had the Bible he would be unable to read it as his language is an unwritten language. His only means of knowing God's word and what it teaches is what he may gather from the few religious services that he may chance to attend.

While the difficulties are great and numerous the task is not an impossible one. Already a few are worthy followers of the Master and are using their influence for the advancement of His kingdom. Others are being won. At the last meeting in the vilages there were several young men that confessed their belief in Christ and led in prayer. Recently the king of the Shullas confessed to one of the Christian boys that he believed our teaching. Even under adverse circumstances God is working in the black man's country. Who can say what will happen when we have enabled him to read God's word for himself and to his friends. And some are quite anxious to learn but we have no school. One little fellow has come repeatedly in the morning to be taught as he could not be present in the afternon when the only attempt at school is made. A class of boys gather under a tree or in the shade of a house but there is no study period, no text book save that which is improvised by the missionary, and he can give but a few minutes to each one.

When shall we reach the heart of the black man? Surely not in any adequate way until we have made is possible for him to read God's word. Surely not until the young life of the mother church has given itself in sufficient numbers to occupy the untouched territory and to train Christian leaders from the Black man's own people. Will you not, "Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest that he would thrust forth laborers into his harvest."

ENTERTAINING THE NUERS.

By Mrs. W. J. Adair.

Nasser Sobot River, Sudan.

TO Nuers who have not been about white folks, just to see us in our homes and about our work furnishes them much amusement. They often stand by the dining room screens to watch the strange way we feed ourselves. To see an entire family seated together is a new idea to them for the Nuer men eat their food in a separate place from the women and children. They use only clam shells for spoons and all eat from the same big kettle.

Each piece of our furniture is a separate wonder to them for in the native homes there is no furniture. A large mirror is a great atttraction. The women are less vain than the men is seems for many more men than women come to stand at the bedroom window through which they can get a view of themselves in the mirror on the door of the wordrobe. They go through many fancy dance steps and fighting gestures with clubs and spears. They are quite proud of their bodies and it is quite a treat for one of them to get a full length view of himself and see that he is as handsome (?) as any one else.

The Nuer children find several things on the Mission compound that interests them. The "teeter totter" is a great plaything. Often some one gets a fall from it but they pile on just the same, The rope swing was put up just this year and it took only six months to wear the rope completely out for not only Mission but also Nuers swung in it. Sometimes a dozen children would be lined up waiting their turn to swing. At present a toy automobile is the attraction. Something with wheels is indeed a novelty in this land.

Christmas Eve was an especially happy time for at Nasser, not only for the missionary families but also for the Nuer house boys and a few others who had been invited to come. When Santa Claus arrived, the natives were really frightened. And no wonder for he looked so strange in a great green suit trimmed in cotton and red cap, mask and beard. He was very frisky too and played all sorts of jokes on the crowd. One fellow was so badly frightened that he gradually crawled in behind Mrs. Smiths' chair. All the rest were more or less scared but tried to put on a brave front even if they did think he was a "man eater" or something of the sort. Santa took the gifts from the tree and had some for everybody. Each Nuer received a yard of brass wire and a cake of soap, both of which they appreciated very much. The "tables were turned on Santa however at the close of the evening and such a laugh as we all had. His whiskers caught fire and he had to jerk off his mask. It was then quite apparent that it was only Mr. Adair. The relief of the natives and of little Martha Adair too was so great that we all just roared. The evening could not have ended better for everybody.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had a supper one evening for the baptized Christians (there are eleven men and one woman) and the missionaries. We, black and white, were seated on the floor of the dining room and the food was served on pie plates and eaten with large spoons. The food; A mutton roast and macaroni, fresh rolls, tea and cake. Some of the "boys" passed their plates as many as four times. Some drank as many as six cups of tea—for the sugar perhaps. An hour was spent in the sitting room playing games and the evening closed with singing Nuer church songs. We had a funny happy time and the next day they were asking to have another good time some day.

MISSIONS AND MEDICINE IN THE SUDAN.

By Joseph Maxwell, M. D.

In the Clinic.

THE interest to me in clinics lies in their human side and so will just tell you about "Mun Got Looak". As her name signifies she is the "Mother of the Son of the Barn. Now "Son of the Barn" is a strapping big fellow with one sightless eye—likely an old Trachoma. He and his mother appeared one day in the clinic. The mother had an ulcer on her foot spreading over the whole bottom of it. Naturally she could not walk on this foot for these ulcers are very painful. "Yaws" we call it. She told me that her son had carried her on his head all the way from their home which must be about eighty miles away. No, I do not think he made the whole trip in one day,—they are seldom that hurried. So I took the $2.50 which they had and sent the boy back after a sheep to help out on the total bill and arranged with him that he would work for us for two months in addition that in turn we would furnish all needed medications and a house to live in. In other words we got about $12.50 for the whole thing and if you had such a bad disease you would count that price cheap. Even they do.

"Got Looak" turned out to be an expert roofer and the mother responded nicely to the medicines—prayer, KI and Neosalvarsan—so the Lord arranges mutual good. She could not walk so we impressed into service one of our donkeys and altho this was an absolutely novel experience the old lady rode right off alone without any saddle and the back of that underfed "donk" looking like the profile of the Rockies. She seems to like the church services on Sabbath and we hope that is a good harbinger of her coming Salvation.

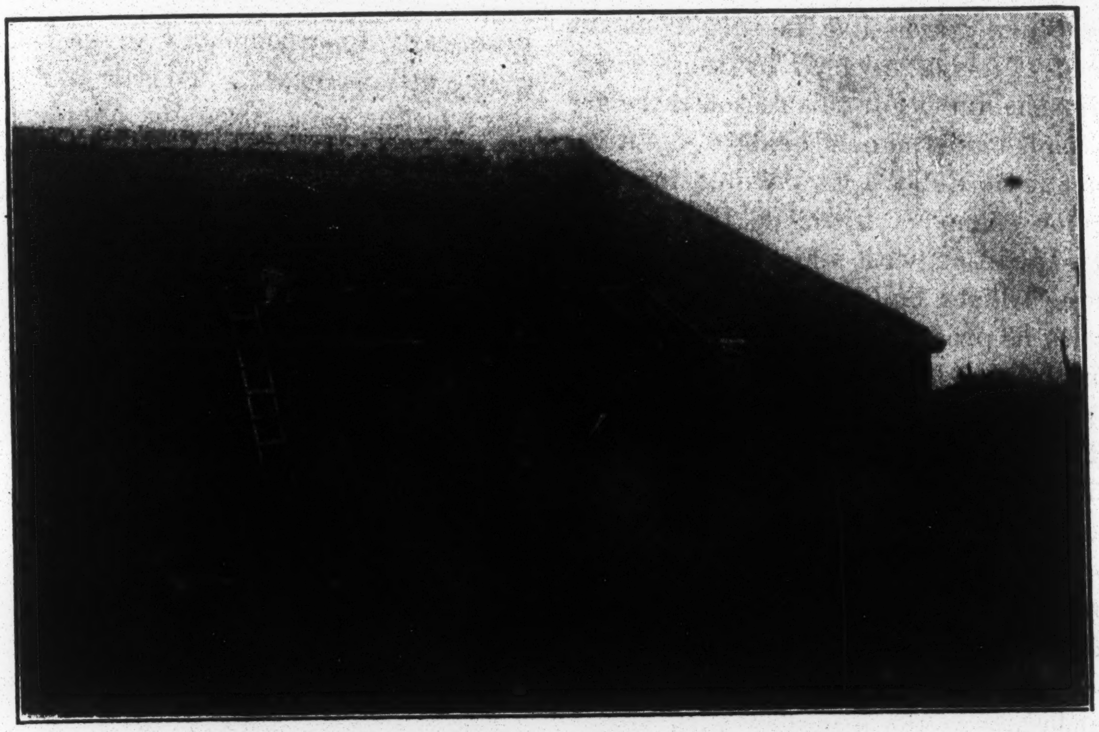
Our fees are in sheep, goats, butter—too hot here to get solid and it is an oil always—charcoal, thatching grass, grass rope, eggs etc. Not to forget cash which they get from selling things to the Arab traders which infest the whole continent nearly. You have to be a sort of Solomon too, to get the money which you need for medicines and which they need to give to keep their self respect and also to give an offering to Jeesee. For often they have it some where about them and offer you only half. Of course if your soft missionary heart has its normal weak spot you take the money and wish, poor things, that they had more money. But if you have a suspicion you ask—yea, insist—on the full amount which is universally known, being a fixed sum, and out is comes! At rare times we get oxen or calves for pay but these are days of high prices out here also and the "drop" has not arrived yet, as we hear it has at home.

One day twins came in. They caused just as much excitement as they would have at home. They had a stage of Yaws, where the whole skin nearly all over the body breaks out in round sores and the little fellows looked very sick indeed. But we have two specifics—Prayer and Neosalvarsan—and so they got well. One day they were absent and so we conclude they are well.

However that conclusion is not always justifiable, for one man from whose brother we had tried to collect money, had died, we found, that afternoon in the clinic yard when no one was around. At least so they told me.

Towards the end of the morning—for the clinic is usually from 9 to 1—you can hear, "Jee woom" bawled out on the Nasser air in my best baritone—their ears are not always keen. Now this being interpreted means, "Ye of the Noses. "And moving at top speed they assemble in a wide circle around me. The speed is learned after many days of grief in getting only one handful of medicine to snuff when the rest who get there quicker get three. Then I pass round the morning treat—salt water. They receive is in cupped hands and snuff with great gusto into their poor noses—which usually need it. Then follows theoretically some liquid albolene. Lacking which ye frontier Doc must substitute glycerine or even olive oil—ugh! They all like this very much. Have a sort of machine to do this spraying right but it unfortunately has a vital part made of rubber which material soon gives up the ghost in the Tropics.

The best part of the day though is the start, when assembled altogether we sing, pray the Lord's prayer and the preacher prays further and then tells them a gospel story. They do not always listen and one man may be sharpening a spear; that lady there may be smoking her pipe —audibly; or a baby crying; or a boy asking for a drink from the community gourd. Some hear though and some forbear and the results are with Him. But don't you forget, along with us, to Pray Him for them. The longer one works in heathenism the firmer grows the conviction that it all must be *prayed thru* —not work so much, nor medicine so much as prayer, prayer, prayer. And the beautiful part about that, which God of course had in mind when planning this wonder of prayer, is that you at home or in your quiet hour in your office can prevail—for "Mum Got Looak" and the rest.



PART OF THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE AT NASSER

THE CALL FROM ABYSSINIA.

A VISIT FROM THE KING.

The American Mission at Sayo, Abyssinia.

By (Mrs. T. A.) Charlotte Claney Lambie.

EVERYTHING in Abyssinia seems to be built upon a hill for various reasons. The best of which probably is because their is no place else to build anything. Another reason is that an approaching enemy would have difficulty in arriving at the top of a hill unseen and I believe no place in the world does any other nation live in such constant dread of being invaded by some imaginary enemy. For this reason there are no roads or permanent bridges. Travel is made as difficult as possible for that spector enemy. Little do they realize the expedition with which roads can be made, bridges built and such minor obstacles to progress as exist here be overcome by a modern army to say nothing of airplanes, tanks, etc.

There is one bit of railroad in Abyssinia; that short line which connects Jibuti, the sea port in French Somaliland, with Adis Ababa; but the permission to build even that was obtained by a fluke. A committee had been sent from Paris to try to gain this permission, at the close of the interview with Menelik he grandly said "min ka fein ya" a speech which is difficult to translate literally but which means "Oh that is quite easy for me to arrange" or words to that effect. It has a hidden meaning of evasion, well understood by an Abyssinian but the French took it willfully or unknowingly who knows which, to mean assent and cabled to Paris that Menelik had consented to arrange it all, he was dum-founded when he learned his words had been taken literally but he was sport enough to stick to it and so there exists this one short link with civilization and the outside world. A high Abyssinian official, whose veracity I have no reason to doubt, told me this story.

But to return to the other end of Abyssinia, to the American Mission—the property of which as mission property is just one year old. As you know the small house of a Greek merchant at Sayo was kindly put at our disposal for one year. Shortly after we arrived at Sayo an invitation came from Dedjozimatch Biru to come to Aussa to see him. An invitation from such a source amounts practically to a command so we rather reluctantly accepted. While at Aussa the question of a place for our permanent location was brought up and plans for a Hospital which he wanted to build or at least help with, were discussed. When Doctor Lambie was leaving at their last interview, Dedjoz Biru said, "When you get back to Sayo, look the ground over and whatever place you choose as a suitable place I shall give to you officially when I come to visit you at Sayo after "Miskal" (the Festival of the Holy Cross). So I, as opportunity offered, we took long walks over the hills adjacent to Sayo during the two months which intervened between our visit to him and his to us. We finally decided upon the present location, a lovely hill just East of and a step lower than Sayo Hill.

It is a twenty minute mule ride from town—it seemed better to plan for the Hospital to be a little away from the dirty crowded town. It looked like a pretty big place to ask for, but numbers of people, who, we felt, were advising us for the best, urged us to do so, and then we had and still have a great vision of this as the first of a series of Spiritual Light Houses which we have faith to believe will be established all over this land.

At the foot of the Hill along the West

and South sides runs a little mountain stream, we are separated from the hill to the South East by an almost imperceptible valley part of the way along the East is a deeper valley which drops suddenly to the place where a delicious spring comes out of the rocks. We are connected with the Hill North of us by a neck of land which forms a very pretty approach at the entrance grow two huge old "Umbrella" trees which form a lovely natural gateway. It is along this approach that the road from Sayo comes out. There are a goodly number of trees singly and in groups scattered about. Some are very old and big.

DEDJAZIMATCH BIRU
Ruler of Western Abyssinia. Foster son of the late King Menelik.

And now I want to tell you how this really comes to belong to the American Mission. True to his promise Dejoz Biru with some five hundred of his train came to visit us. They arrived at Sayo on a Wednesday noon and pitched camp on a hill North of town. It being a fast day he sent word he would not call till the next day. Being prompted by friends who knew what was the polite thing to do in Abyssinia we sent him a tray of food permissable to eat on a fast day. On the tray was a loaf of white bread, made of American flour, a dish of salad, olives, sardines, beet pickles, assorted dried fruits and nuts. The next day was to be the official banquet day with us, and great were the preparations for it. Dr. Lambie had had a man write "Welcome to Sayo" in Amharie and then Dr. Lambie enlarged these letters on a length of unbleached muslin, this was tacked over a sort of triumphal arch at the gate. We thought, we, the newest residents and foreigners at that, had our nerve to be putting up such a banner, but it looked very pretty supported by tall posts covered with long branches of red roses, the veranda posts were similarly decorated, a large screen had been made and set in front of the dining room door, for to eat where the evil eye might be cast on one's food by some enemy outside, isn't done in Abyssinia—even by so called Christians.

In the dining room were two tables. Now no White House ball ever involved more questions of rank than did this little affair almost off the map in Africa. Only the priest and two high officials were worthy to sit at the table with ourselves and the Dedjoz. At the second table were four men great enough to eat in the same room but not at the same table. Outside was a tent for the next lower strata of society and seated all around the yard were the common soldiers.

An ox and numerous chickens and sheep had given their lives to do our guest honor. We had out all our best silver and dishes. The cook, from Khartum was to don his best long white robe with a broad green band around the equator and wait on the table.

None of Abyssinian servants being up to performing at any such functions.

After much flying about everything was ready when a runner announced that "he" was coming, Dr. Lambie mounted his mule to go and meet him. Presently shouting and joyful cries let me know that they were near—first some hundred or more common soldiers came running into the yard, nearly knocking the fence down, pushing each other crowding thru the narrow gate—scarcely had they disposed themselves to their satisfaction along the fence each side of the gate, when their superior officer, who according to some idea of military rules was behind his men, came flying in, his orders had evidently been misunderstood or disobeyed. All those men made a quicker exit than they had entrance at the butt of his rifle. I fully expected there would be several fractured bones for the doctor to deal with but they all seemed to escape serious injury. They finally were stationed outside the fence and others coming up, a long avenue of white robed rifle armed men formed, thru which rode in state Dedjoz Biru and Dr. Lambie. Dr. Lambie took him to the clinic first where he entertained him by showing him some cases, one was a young man with strongulated hernia which needed an immediate operation, his mother who had never had any experience with surgery refused to give her consent and so the poor boy died a few days later. Dedjoz Biru was really very deeply and intelligently interested in all he saw. When leaving the clinic he exclaimed "Oh! I wish you could teach me to be a doctor, I should love it."

In Abyssinia it is polite to evade the point of an interview or meeting as long as possible and never seem in haste to talk business, so nothing at all was said all that day about the place he had promised to give us. The next day Dr. Lambie spent at the camp. When he returned in the evening Dedjoz Biru and about a dozen of his officers accompanied him. We entertained them with magic lantern pictures—first was a series of animal pictures. They loved the lion of course and a beautiful American race horse. After money and themselves the Abyssinians love horses. The last pictures were illustrating the Life of Christ and we had wished to close the evening with thoughts of Christ, but while were sitting silent and thoughtful, some one piped up "Lets see the horse again," so it was thrown on the screen, after it had been admired awhile :we threw on The Ascension once more and Dr. Lambie said he thought it would be nice to part thinking of Christ's going and his promise to come back to us again.

On Friday afternoon we entertained the European dwellers at Sayo and a number of the "big" Abyssinians. After tea and cakes there were games and stunts. Dedjoz Biru entered with spirited enjoyment into all the contests showing himself physically probably the most powerful man present, with proper training he would have made an athlete of no mean ability.

After the others had gone the great question was opened. Had Dr. Lambie found a suitable place for a hospital? The next morning was agreed upon for an official inspection of the site and about five hundred soldiers rode out with the Governor and Doctor Lambie. They rode over the hill, building houses and hospitals in the air. The Dedjoz being delighted with the location, and so the hill was actually ours. Dr. Lambie said he would like a paper—sort of an official document for the place. The Dedjoz said it was not necessary at all but Dr. Lambie insisted, however it was not till we were returning from our Nekempti trip that he finally obtained it.

Well now that the land had been given to us what were we to do with it. Everyone said—That is the European people, "You must get some buildings up at once and put a "Zireba" (fence) about the place. You see this Abyssinian government isn't the stable old British Government which has been such a strong tower to fall back upon in all our three other fields. It is a most capricious and vacillating institution, scarcely worthy the name government at all. And while we had found favor in the eyes of this one man and he had given us the place another man might take his place and decide the government needed this place again. What could you do?

ABYSSINIAN OFFICER

It is a strange thing that nothing counts like facts in Abyssinia, so the fact that we were on the ground with fences and buildings would be an almost undisputable argument for our staying. For should anyone question the land all that would need to be said would be "Why yes certainly you or government may have your land back but I've spent so many thousands of dollars on these building and fences. When you pay me for these I go." That would close the subject.

Our trouble was "no money." We telegraphed to Dr. Giffen the long suffering Sudan Mission Treasurer. He in turn appealed to Mr. Latimer. I suppose and probably you helped him out. At any rate we got enough money to put up a small building for the mules and cows and a hut for the boy who looked after them and staked out a small three room house for ourselves to occupy until money should come for a real house. Then we set a native house builder at work on this and we left for Nekempti. We had hoped to find this house ready for us on our return but this proved a vain hope so Doctor Lambie hustled on the roof and mud was plastered on the walls. Mats spread on the dirt floors and we took possession.

As fast as possible after this Dr. Lambie built a little three room wattle and daub hut for medical work.

For while a certain amount of privacy is necessary any place for treating patients it seems especially so here where the "evil eye" is such a fearsome thing.

We met Dedjoz Biru on his way to Adis Abeba and the last word we have of him he is in chain for conspiracy against the present ruler—such are the political ups and downs of this land. So we have no hopes of help from him in putting up a proper hospital. We are hoping and praying that somehow our church may realize the wonderful privilege which is hers—to build and equip the first real Hospital in Abyssinia.

Just stop and think for a moment of

a land with *not less* than 12,000,000 people and *not one hospital* and Dr Lambie the only doctor outside of the capital.

Compare Abyssinia with Egypt where Government, Foreign and Mission Hospitals are considered inadequate to the need and then think of this land with the same population and *no Hospital.*

After one year on the Hill we have been able to build for ourselves a very comfortable home and just now we are getting a four room bungalow ready for the Russells who will also be with us in about three months.

About the work—The medical work takes the morning of the doctor treating sick people in the clinic and making medical calls. The people are all waiting anxiously for Miss Beatty's arrival. Sabbath mornings we have a church service on our East veranda. We began with about a dozen and now there are usually from forty to fifty and all seem eager to learn.

This is a great country for beggars. We often wonder if some of them arn't in it as a money making scheme like the ones Gerard met in "The Cloister and the Hearth." Here Saturday is the legal begging day and crowds go about calling upon people in the name of Mary and St. George to give them something. We decided if they wanted anything from us they would have to take a dose of the real truth with it, so they were told not to shout any Mary and St. George at us but to come and sit down quietly on the grass in front of the house at noon on Saturday. So now any Saturday noon you may see a quiet orderly crowd listening to a Bible lesson. There are usually about thirty lame, halt or blind who go away with a new thought in their heads and five cents in their hands.

This is just a glimpse of the first year on the American Mission Hill at Sayo, Abyssinia.

Are we as a church to be satisfied to stop here or shall we go on in and possess the whole land in the name of our King?

"ETHIOPIA SHALL SOON STRETCH OUT HER HANDS UNTO GOD." Psalm, 68:30.

By Thomas A. Lambie, M. D. Sayo, Abyssinia.

THE CALL

THE outside world knows this country in which we have been privileged to open missionary work as Abyssinia but the native of the country knows it by no other name than that of Ethiopia. It is this name that appears on the coinage and stamps and all official letters and the king is said to occupy not the throne of Abyssinia but the throne of Ethiopia. It is not my purpose however to try to limit this prophecy to the country we know as Abyssinia but to claim the promise contained therein for the land in whose evangelization we are so much interested.

In Biblical terminolgy to stretch forth the hands means to implore help for a change. When Peter was sinking in the waves he held out his hands and the Master raised him up. It denotes the attitude of being willing or more than willing to accept help to be beseeching someone for their intervention. The little child learning to walk stretches out its faltering hand to the mother. It is an attitude denoting a knowledge of weakness in oneself and the belief in the superior strength of the one besought. It is the attitude of a man imprisoned in a dark cavern who sees a faint beam of sunlight and with uncertain footsteps and groping hands strives to make his way to the blessed ray. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

This Prophecy has yet to be Fulfilled.

To some it may seem as if this prophecy had had a partial fulfilment. It might seem as if at one time in the history of Ethiopia there was a definite turning unto God when the bishop Frumentius came from Egypt and apparently converted the nation to Christianity. Who can tell? At any rate if there was a pure beam of Christian light at that time it has somehow through the passing centuries become wofully dim and smoky. So much so that an English gentleman who has spent many years in Abyssinia said, "Call their religion anything you please but do not call it Christian for it is not."

"By their fruit ye shall know them." There are two servants at Sayo who illustrate what I mean. One is what you might call a typical Abyssinian Christian from Addis Ababa, the other a Moslem. They are both most punctilious in keeping their different holy days, fasts and feasts but there the matter largely ends. Neither of them can read their religious books. Of the two the Moslem is apparently the better man. "Yes I would steal," he said to me if I knew no one would find me out". "I suppose anyone would." Certainly as far as the keeping of the ten commandments the Abyssinian Christians are no better than their Moslem neighbors and their serfs the Gallas. "By their fruits ye shall know them." By their fruits then we know that they are not followers of Jesus. In fact they hardly claim to be. Michael and St. George mean very much more than the humble Nazarene. In Addis Ababa to work on the day devoted every month to Michael might land the worker in prison, but on the government buildings themselves, work goes on upon the Sabbath day.

Yet the prophecy is that they shall soon stretch out their hands unto God, not to Michael or Mary. One does not see very many signs of this movement as yet. There seems in many places to be a stretching out of their hands to the Mohamedan religion. God forbid that Ethiopia should stretch out her hands to Alah and Mohamed. In other quarters and in perhaps a less definite way they are stretching out their hands to the old Pagan beliefs.

There is near Sayo a famous so called holy man who is an object of worship to the Gallas. To many he takes the place of a supreme being. Many of the Amhara Abyssinian Christians have lately been led into going to him and seeking his assistance and wearing his charms only a step from venerating him as God. Looking at it from the human standpoint then it seems as if the prophecy was far from its fulfillment.

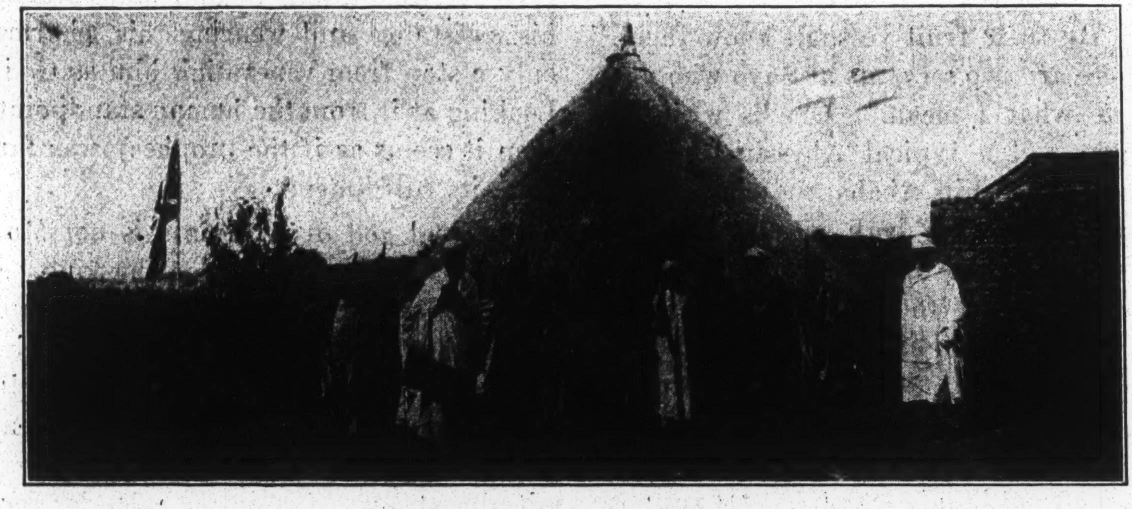
The real god of Abyssinia is not Mohamed or a Pagan Galla or the king or some noted baron or Michael or Saint George but *Money*. For money the Abyssinian will do anything. He will sell his brothers and even his own children into slavery for money. He will commit almost any crime in the calender for money The priest will give absolution for any crime if he is given enough money. The judge will make any wrong decision he may be required to if he is given enough money. The murderer will go unpunished if he is able to give enough money. The great god Mammon is the real god of the land and they are everywhere stretching out their hands to Mammon. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Yet Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

When is this time to come? When is this blessed time to begin when Ethiopia is to stretch out her hands unto God.

It seems to be that our own United Presbyterian Church is to have some part in making this prophecy come true. Let us not underestimate this task. Here is a great country ten times as large as the state of Pennsylvania with a population variously estimated from eight to fifteen millions of people with many different languages, without a newspaper or without a railroad excepting the line that runs from Jibuti to Addis Ababa and with scarcely a wagon road in the whole country. A country with great variety of climate from the tropic to the Alpine, with a great and untouched wealth of minerals, whose forests contain coffee and gum growing in wild profusion and a score of other useful and ornamental trees; a country whose agricultural possibilities have hardly been considered; a land which someone has estimated as capable of easily supporting a population of sixty million people. A land that is beautiful beyond powers of any earthly artist to limn. Whose beauty holds one absolutely enthralled. A land whose people are far from God.

In the posters asking contributions for the Armenian Relief, Armenia has frequently been depicted as a woman with a shawl stretching out beseeching hands to the people of America, but in this verse we are told that "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God, which is quite a different thing than stretching out hands to America. Yet somehow it seems to me as if the first beam of light that is to show forth the Father's love must come from Christian America or Christian England for no one else in this sadly deranged old world seems to be capable of helping themselves much less any one else and we know that it is the will of God that through the Church His love is to be shown.

In our Lord's earthly ministry we can see that it was not His spiritual ministry as a rule that drew the crowds. It was usually one of three or four motives that brought them to Jesus. There was the desire to be fed, there was curiosity, and the desire to be healed. It is interesting to note that it is similar motives that draw the people to the Foreign Missionary today. It is not primarily the desire to hear the message of salvation that he brings. It seems necessary that in some way the people must be made to feel that they are in darkness, that they are lost, before they can stretch out their hands to God. It would seem that they must be aroused to a national conciousness of their sin and of the distance that



ABYSSINIANS AT GALLABAT

they have gotten away from God before they can stretch out suplicating hands to Him. There are many difficulties in the way. There is first of all the difficulty that they are not really a nation at all but a group of people loosely moulded together into one by the superior warlike ability of the Amharas. Even the Amharas are not one, but are split up into different sections combined together against the rest of the country for offensive and defensive purposes. They have the rifles and ammunition which allow them to keep under, peoples much stronger numerically than themselves but, who lack besides arms a spirit of cohesion that would enable them to combine against their conquerors. The Amharas are a proud race and it is this pride that prevents them from seeking God for as we know God resists the proud but gives grace to the humble.

Another difficulty in the way is the age of the state church of Ethiopia. They pride themselves on their age and ancient religion. To the foreigner there seems to be little upon which they have to base their pride but not so to the Abyssinians.

Aside from the difficulties of the lack of a national consciousness and a wholly groundless (or nearly so) national pride there is the language difficulty. Not even all the Aharas speak the Amhara language and there are many different dialects of the Galla and a multitude of other languages that bear little or no resemblance to either. The whole government is most unstable. In the past there has been added to these difficulties another viz., that at least two European powers have cast covetous eyes upon Ethiopia and would desire to add it to their own colonial empires. The Abyssinians know this and it makes them distrust the foreigner.

They do not however fear the American. They know that America covets no man's land in Africa.

In spite of all these difficulties to which we should add superstition, ignorance lack of all medical knowledge and a number of other things yet. Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

Humanly speaking the only way that this is possible is through the lifting up before them of the Lord Jesus Christ as He is. Humanly speaking the only way that this is possible of accomplishment is through the Protestant Church. The Catholics had their attempt and made a sad affair of it and the name Catholic today is a curse word in Abyssinia. Have we got something that Abyssinia needs? Have we got a cure for the sad state of affairs that exists in that beautiful land of today? Are they going to go on as they are in their drunkeness and awful immorality in their slavery and bribery and every wrong thing almost that is known to man? No European uneducated though he be who has seen the country and lived in it has a word to say but that of condemnation.

Are Things to go on as at Present?

No. She is to stretch out her hands to God. This is only possible when she catches a view of her Crucified Lord and how is it possible for her to catch this vision through this debased national church? She has had her day. She has never freed the slaves, but rather makes more of them. She has never eradicated inmorality and concubinage. Her very priest are among those most addicted to strong drink. She has not fed the flock. That they have held out against the Moslems we must admit but the doing of that seems to have sapped all her vitality. In his life the Abyssinian Christian today is no ways radically different from his Mohamedan neighbor. The Abyssinian church has tried and failed.

God it is true could send an angel from Heaven to revive her. This how ever is not God's way. Up till now He has trusted the work of presenting the Savior to a dying world to men. Regeneration from within this church itself seems to be impossible. They are not stretching out their hands to God, they are satisfied on the whole to be as they are.

There seems to be then only one hope and that in the Protestant church. Will she rise to the opportunity that is offering itself to her to come into Abyssinia.

To a great extent this decision rests with the United Presbyterian church. Others may follow if we lead the way. A door has been opened. Opportunity has been given to her to come in with ministry of healing and western civilization. No one will it is believed take any exception to the tactful presentation of the Claims of Christ. Doors seem to be opened on every hand.

Who will not say that this is the first step towards the fulfilling of that glorious prophecy which stands at the head of this article. We believe that it is the first step.

Surely the time has been long. Surely God has been most patient with them and with us. Surely now it is high time for them to awake out of their soul destroying sleep and to stretch out eager imploring hands to God.

"Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.

WOULD YOU KNOW?—THEN READ

Name any Missionary you know in the Sudan. How many are supported by the Women's Board? How many tribes mentioned in this issue known to our Missionaries? What is the estimated population? Who pioneered for our church into theis land? Who was the first one to enter Abyssinia? Do the Sudanese care for girl babies? Why? What is the "evil eye?" Who suffer most in heathen lands? Why is heathenism more preferable for nation than Mohammedanism? Give own description of Khartoum. Of Nasser. Of Abyssinia. What surprises are mentioned by one of the writers? Who are the writers of this number? How many people have contributed to this entire number? Who are they? What have you to say after reading the "Call of the Blacks"? What would you do first for the people? What class inflict torture upon the sick or injured? Why do the natives fear this one? What sort of people are the Arabs? What does the writer say of them? Their religion? What does he need? When did Miss Elsie Grove go to Khartoum North to teach? Do you read "opportunity" in that mission? What has been done for the boys? Has it paid for the sacrifice? Why do you think it has? The Sudanese woman, what is said of her? How many nationalities at a wedding in the Sudan? Any other Missionary societies at work in the Sudan? Where is Miss McIntyre located? Who are the Neurs? What does Mrs. Adair say of the children? Who is the doctor at Nasser? Who was there before the recent arrival of the Medical Doctor? Where is Abyssinia? Who has pioneered for the United Presbyterian Church into that land? What is said of the natural wealth of that country? How would its great resources affect mission work? Who entertained a king? What was the opportunity? Did the Missionary obtain any favor from the king? What is recommendation No. 10? How many young ladies enter the foreign mission work this fall? Who are returning after a furlough? Have you looked into the faces of the young people shown in this issue? What advantage would it be to the cause of Missions if the Women's Missionary Magazine was read in every home of our denomination? Do you not consider this issue most excellent? Have you read all of this magazine?

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE

INDIA

Mrs. E. L. Porter, Rawalpindi, India, Editor.

NEWS FROM GUJRANWALA

My dear Friends:

Where shall I begin when I try to tell you of our life and work in Gujranwala? Thoughts and aims and memories crowd in so fast and vie with one another for expression. The heat these days is very trying. The land is parched and dry, and if rain doesn't come soon the Punjab will face real famine.

Then there is the heavy burden of the Church, and the great poorly taught Christian community in our villages. There is also the ever present atmosphere of evil—the fruit of idolatrous and false religions—the needy, needy people, filth, disease, oppression, misery and sin. But how can I make you *see* it all and show you how to help?

Then there is, too, the brighter side, and one much prefers to dwell on it. The glimpse one gets often into the loving hearts of the sons and daughters of India who are bearing upon their hearts the burdens of her need; one of God's dear children in an agony of weeping because she is sharing the suffering of Christ over one of His little ones who is willfully going astray and refusing to be saved; the faithful Bible women; the glimpses God gives of His plans for His people and for the "other sheep." He would have us bring in; the answered prayers; the dear girls out in village schools, and those soon to come home from boarding schools; the beginnings of New World Movement work in city and villages; and oh, so many, many things to draw us upward providing we are willing to advance upon our knees and bear the cross for His sake. Then it doesn't seem like a cross at all but rather a yoke shaped for us by love, not to hinder, but to lighten the load and make it a joy and a privilege to bear.

Last year a young girl went home from her school really wanting to do something for Christ. By loving, patient, persevering work and prayer the Christian girls in her village became interested in learning to read. She also taught them stories, songs and verses, and helped them in every way she knew, then went back to her school. Not long ago she completed the Grammar School course and told me she was ready to work for Christ in her own village. We sent word to the Christians to meet us in their place of worship one moonlight night to talk about the new school to be opened. God had prepared the way and swept aside objections and reticence and made the people willing to give their children a chance.

A few days ago I went out to see the little school. There are 17 Christian girls and 8 boys in the school now. They had only been attending six weeks, but the change in their faces was so marked. They are eager, intelligent, cleaner, more full of purpose and ambition. When I entered the school I was dismayed to see so few girls, but the teacher told me why. The children had heard the motor coming and had asked permission to run home and "dress up" before the Miss Sahiba should see them. Dear little Punjabi children! How you would love them! Wont you put this little school in Kamoki village on your prayer list and keep it there?

We continue to receive a warm welcome almost everywhere we go. Many, many are ignorant of their own need or too proud to admit it, but others are very evidently seeking God. Imagine the pathos of the story of the Hindu woman who believes that Satan has been possessing her at times for eighteen years. She can't sleep, and can't rest, she just wants to find God. The last time the Bible woman saw her this was her request "Wont you pray very earnestly in the name of your Christ that I may have deliverance from Satan's power, and wont you tell other Christians about me and urge them to pray too?" She also promised to pray herself, and said she would try using Christ's name for prayer as all others had utterly failed.

Then there is the Hindu woman of gentle birth who refused to non-cooperate with the Christian Government whose King worships the same Christ she has learned to love . She witnesses boldly for Christ in her Hindu home, and her heart just burns with love for her new-found Savior. She hasn't been able to be baptized yet but we know her heart and life are Christ's.

Some of our village Thank Offering meetings have brought us much joy. In Nath we have a new society of 14 members. They meet every week for prayer and praise. They learn Bible stories and are so interested in the work of the Kingdom. Two women are learning to read there with the village Bible woman. Thirty five women of the village learned from five to twenty Bible stories each last year. The Thank-Offering of these women who are very poor was ten rupees.

In another village seven women put a rupee each into the Thank Offering. One woman wept as though her heart would break because her husband wouldn't give her any money for the offering, and she was really better off than the others. She was so ashamed to be wearing the good clothes her husband had provided and yet to come empty handed before the Lord. Can we doubt the offering of her breaking heart was acceptable to the Lord of the harvest?

Our hopes run high when we think of the number of boarding school girls to come back to their city and village homes for vacation. They will make a special effort this year to do some service of love for Christ and His Church. Wont you pray for the more than six hundred teachers and girls so soon to scatter for two months to cities and villages all over our mission field?

I must not close without telling you of our great heart burden in Gujranwala. There are so many splendid people in the Church, and the possibilities are legion, but we feel so much the need of God's own reviving and quickening power. God is working, and that wonderfully. He is using lives to the very limit, but we believe He wants to use His whole Church that way. Please pray with us and with the earnest Indian leaders of our Gujranwala Church that unto us each one may be granted the *fullness* of His blessed Spirit for life and love and service in this part of His vineyard.

Yours, in His service,
Hazel Bennett.

THE NEW WORLD MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

A WONDERFUL OCCASION.

June 21, 1921.

My dear Friends:

Wouldn't you like to hear something of what a New World Movement rally is like in India? Last month one was held for the women of Gujranwala city and the nearby villages. Before I say a word about it however, I had better tell you it was a success for you may not get that impression if I can give you in any measure a true picture of it. I know that a year ago, before I understood anything at all of Indian thought and custom, I should have been in despair over the meeting. The only thing I can find to compare it with is a circus.

Two weeks before the rally, at a simple litle tea, we presented the idea of it to the women leaders of the church and the missionary society. At once they grew enthusiastic and began to plan and work hard. Committees were appointed and practically all the arrangements were made by the Indian women themselves. This we consider a great success in the very beginning.

The place of meeting was the chapel of the Boy's Industrial Home and the tennis court next to it. The little church was decorated with everything available. There were palm leaves about the alter and over the arch on which were tied bunches of small red flowers and jasmine. From one side of the church to the other were stretched red and green Christmas hangings. Little Santa Clauses, bells and tinsel graced the walls between the New World Movement posters and pennants. Altogether the decorations were a weird combination of East and West, summer and winter, but it exactly suited us. It was so good for us Americans to let the Christmas array play upon our imaginations, for it was a sweltering hot day!

Out doors large pieces of matting and cotton carpet made an attractive covering for the bare brown tennis court. At various places stood tables decorated with posters and flowers where the objectives of the New World Movement campaign were presented.

At five o'clock the bell was rung and the women began to assemble. It was my lot to usher, and my task was anything but a light one. The village women came first. What a group they were! Everybody was washed and oiled and dressed up in the brightest colors found in the bazaar. Jewelry was much in evidence and the air was heavy with the scent of jasmine and other perfumes. One of the rules laid down by the committee was that children were to be left at home. But how could a Panjabi villager understand that! she couldn't and she didn't—and as we expected everyone arrived with all her own and what seemed like all her neighbor's children.

About Two Hundred were invited and as there were not enough seats to go around, we tried to get all the children and some of the women to sit on the floor and at least closely on the seats, but it was almost impossible. If, with shouting and pleading and threatening and even main force, we got a row fixed, someone would sight a cousin or friend over yonder and straightway leave for that place, undoing all our labor. I declare, when the meeting was ready to begin my head was swimming and my knees trembly from sheer exhaustion!

Devotion was first on the program, and along with it went the thump thump of the dholki (Indian drum) and the deafening din of laughing talking and scolding. By the noise and restlessness of the crowd it was evident that the spirit was good—everybody was happy and entering into things wholeheartedly. There were two short addresses, the first by a Miss Sahiba whose little voice seemed to be lost a foot away from her mouth (but it really wasn't) and the second by our wonderful Miss Mukerji of whom you have often heard. Miss Mukerji spoke of what the women's part of the New World Movement is. Her voice was so powerful and her manner so imposing that all the clamor was covered by it.

After this we had a "drama" as we call it here. Girls came on to the platform dressed to represent the different phazes of the work, such as Home Missions, Thankoffering, Education, etc. They held large cartons illustrating the progress and condition of their subject. It was really very clever. The thankoffering girl appeared in a beautiful bride's costume glittering with gold. She said, "You think I am very beautiful, you are proud of me. I appear what I am." She threw back her costly happy and rich, but in reality just look robe, and underneath were nothing but dirty rags. The church attendance girl had a large picture of our chapel filled with men on one side and just the lady missionaries and two Indian women on the other, as the case was at the previous prayermeeting night. She spoke to the shame of those who had not come, and it had the desired effect. The next prayermeeting after the rally there were about twenty women present.

At seven o'clock supper of delicious spiced and sweet rice was served. Folks hilarity and appetite ran a close race. Something over two hundred people ate one hundred pounds of rice! At dark we gathered into the church again and Mr. Mercer gave his stereopticon lecture upon the New World Movement. Two or three voices were worn out before the end came, but those picture went deep into the consciousness of our women.

Weak and exhausted we went to bed that night asking the question, "Was it a success?" We are still hearing our answer, and will for sometime to come we believe.

Will you pray for our Indian church, that it may indeed be made new by God's Spirit through our campaign?

Lovingly yours
FLORENCE TOMASECK.

OUR FIRST SUMMER IN THE HYMALAYAS.

March and April are busy months for the new missionary. We unpack and repack in preparation for our hill-going. Many of our belongings which we do not wish to take with us are sewed up in red cloth bags, and having put sufficient moth-balls inside we pack then in trunks and various other receptacles. These are placed on stands six inches or so from the floor, and should the small but mighty white ant make an attack he is discovered before he makes much headway in his destructive career.

At last we are off, and after a day or two on the train, an auto ride, and eight miles of steep climbing up the mountain, we are here. This last stage of our journey is accomplished usually by one of two methods—by horseback or by dandie. The latter consists of a chair-like contrivance carried by four coolies. Most of the ladies find this the best way to ride.

Landour is an ideal summer resort and "Fairview", the house which has recently been purchased by the mission, makes an ideal home. Ten of us new missionaries were located here, and here we shall remain for five months, studying the language, and thus fitting ourselves for service in this needy field.

The view that surrounds us is beautiful beyond description. One cannot adequately describe the Himalayas. When you look out over the vast expanse of ranges with the "snows" beyond, you are compelled to sing out with the Psalmist "The strength of the hills is His also."

Our days are full. Lots of work and plenty of play. We usually rise at six and after eating "choti hazri" (little breakfast), we study with our Munshis, (Indian teachers) until 9.30—big breakfast time. Then most of the folks attend language school from 10:40 until 2 o'clock.

When we come home we find in our verandahs the inevitable box-wala and his wares. The box wala of India can be likened to a pedlar at home,—only the box-walas carry quite an assortment of goods with them, many of which are really very beautiful. We can thus do a great deal of shopping without going away from home. Their wares consist of carved brass, carved wood, rugs, cloth, hand-embroidered, knitted and crocheted articles, and other things too numerous to mention. We have much excitement and fun over our bargaining. They usually ask much more than they expect us to pay, and one has to do a considerable amount of talking (good experience in the language) before he succeeds in getting the man to take a fair price.

Dr. Bert Jongewaard was bargaining one day, and when the man placed an exhorbitant price on the article, Dr. Bert exclaimed "Bluey! Bluey!" The next day in Hindustani class Hannah Beale leaned over to Dr. Bert and said, "By the way, how do you translate 'Bluey! Bluey!? I have asked my munshi, and he has asked several others, but none of them seem to know. Dr. Bert gave her an astonished look and said, "Why that's nothing but American slang!

In the afternoon when the hot sun goes down we all repair to our badminton court for an hours exercise before dinner. This game is similar to tennis, only it is played with smaller racquets, and in place of balls shuttlecocks are used. As many as eight can play at one time, so we think that it is a lot of fun. I fear our shouting reaches far and wide, for some of our neighbors who are higher on the hill than we, have been known to look down to see what all the hilarity was about.

The Monsoon has broken at last, and we are all thankful for the rain for the dry and thirsty land. Soon we shall see dahlias and other flowers breaking forth into riot of color all over the mountain sides, and the mossy branches of the oak trees will be covered with ferns. There is an abundance of maidenhair to be found in shady places, and lovely orchids bloom in the valleys below.

A couple of weeks ago we had quite a bit of excitement when the forest fires which had been burning in the distance for some time came quite close home. The situation was quite alarming for awhile. The Gurkhas (India's most famous fighting troops) and the English soldiers stationed here were called out to fight the fire. All our men went too. One night a couple of families slept in the Church for safety's sake as the fire had come so close to their homes. A Providential shower extinguished the flames for a time, but the next day they broke out afresh. By noon the soldiers had it under control. One house in which some Swedish missionaries lived was slightly damaged, and a number of native houses were destroyed. We are all thankful that the loss was so small, for it might have been much more serious.

Yes, in Landour there are teas, picnics, movies, ice cream parlors, and real stores in which to shop. We have weekly lectures too, and as we can boast of a piano and victrola in our house, we are not without music, with an occasional concert thrown in. Our missionaries hold a station prayer meeting. We meet alternate weeks at Fairview and Redburn. Here is the problems of our own particular field are discussed, and its needs remembered in prayer.

Dr. Janvier (Presbyterian Mission) who is pastor of the Kellogg Church pro tem, is holding Evangelistic services in the Y. M. C. A. They have been quite well attended by English people, soldiers, and Anglo-Indians, for whom they were specially planned. Our men have contributed to the musical program a number of times.

In October we shall go down to the plains again, and at Annual Meeting which is held in that month, our location for the next year or so will be decided How anxious we all are to get into the work! But now we must needs study diligently, for the language is the only medium through which we can reach these vast multitudes who are hungering for the Word of Life.

MRS. McCULLAGH CUMMINGS.

NEWS ITEMS.

PASRUR NORTH. "The Union Bible School of our districts, Pasrur North and South, was characterized by hard work on the New Testament and the Shorter Catechism. Mr. Paterson of the Scotch Mission and Padri Wazir Chand, our Lyallur pastor, were most helpful to us all.

The famine conditions in this section are trying the faith of the pastors. It requires more faith and courage than most of us have to stick it out in a congregation of people who are themselves at their wits end to provide for their children. The Presbytery has organized a relief fund. Not one pastor has given up, nor have the men in training shown any hesitation.

The summer School ended with two jalsas on the New World Movement. The objectives were divided out until each pastor and worker could see his own part of the task. This seems to be one of the best, if not the best way to get the New World Movement really impressed upon the people. Much real and honest concern was evidenced among the men and women as well as among the pastors and workers. (From Rev. J. C. Campbell.)

GORDON COLLEGE, RAWALPINDI. Gordon College is rejoicing over the result of the University examinations which have just come out. In the Intermediate Science examination nineteen passed out of the twenty three men sent up. Two of these were in the first division and all the rest were in the second showing that all obtained a high percentage of marks. In the Intermediate Arts 80% passed the examination, and in the Bachelor of Arts 75%.

The most gratifying thing about the results is that out of the nine Christian boys who took the examinations, eight were successful, four in the Fine Arts and four in the Bachelor of Arts. This makes 1921 a record year for the college, both in the number of Christian boys sent up for the examinations and in the passes. It is hoped that two of the men who have graduated this year are going into the Seminary and the other two into teaching in our High Schools.

The Taxila Frontier Hospital Quite an event in the history of the mission has transpired in the final transaction of the land deal of the new hospital. The site is situated about 20 miles north of Rawalpindi on the Grand Trunk Road, at Taxila the old buried city of Alexander's time. There could not be a more historical site on which to locate, and we hope the hospital will soon make history for itself. The land was formally taken over and paid for on the 7th of June. Two motor loads went up from Pindi to complete the transaction; the Tehsildar, Registrar, Lawyer, Petition Writer, Patwaris, and four missionaries made quite an imposing party.

There was an animated scene around the little Goverment bungalow, where the 100 or more owners and claimants were gathered to receive their money. They were all paid in full, and their deeds registered on the spot. There were some twenty-four deeds. The Registrar was a Mohammedan who was keeping the fast—it was the last day of the month of Ramzan—and he worked hard all day without food or water. Doing without water in the exceedingly hot weather such as has continued during the entire fast month, is unusually trying. He certainly gained our admiration for his fortitude and unvarying courtesy in the midst of such tring circumstances.

The mission owes a vote of thanks to Sirdar Mehtab Singh, the Tehsildar, and others of our Indian friends. The lawyer is an old student of the college, and gave his help unstintedly) who have taken endless trouble over this transaction. It would have been hopeless for any one to try to purchase this land, piece by piece, and it would have meant months of negotiation, and greatly increased expense. The Tehsildar arranged with the people to make one agreement alike for all, and thus make one transaction of it. Approximately 30 acres has been bought.

General. The long looked for monsoon has at last broken, and most of the cities and plains of the Punjab have had at least one good shower of rain. But the prospect is not very hopeful for a normal rainfall, and the outlook is still rather gloomy. I will quote a paragraph from the daily paper which shows how the drought is affecting the country. "The drought is causing the Afridis (a frontier tribe so much anxiety that they are experimenting in all sorts of methods of supplication to Heaven to bring down rain. One of these methods is to prevent their women from feeding their babies, in the hopes that the cries of the latter will cause the Almighty to take pity on the little ones, by granting the prayers of their parents.

Another is for the men to go about with ropes tied round their necks as an outward and visible sign that they are the slaves of God and trust in Him for their maintainance and protection." On the other hand, the rapacious baniya, who sees in the drought an opportunity of getting rich fast, and who has a good pile of grain laid away for this purpose, has been known to offer polluted bread to his gods that they may be incensed and refuse to hear the prayers of the people for rain. One can hardly imagine a more depraved idea of God. Would that the people of India might come to the knowledge of God as their compassionate Heavenly Father.

The Annual Financial Meeting of the Mission is in session at the present writing. Here the accounts of all the stations and institutions are audited for the year. Committees have been busy at this work for the last ten days, in order that the books may be ready to be signed by the officers of the Mission with as little delay as possible after the Mission comes together. At this meeting, also, estimates for the coming financial year are presented and voted on by the Mission; and other important business attended to. Committees are meeting and getting ready for the work of Annual Meeting, and altogether it is a busy three days that is spent in Gujranwala. We are very thankful for the rain that came in time to temper the heat before this meeting. It is an exceedingly trying time to do business, and also to put up with the crowding of the mission houses; and the hosts and hostesses have our great sympathy. But every one goes prepared to be hot, but to be happy never-the-less, and it is usually a good meeting.

The New World Movement campaign is being pushed with encouraging success in many places, and we hope that after vacation it will go ahead with fresh impetus and greater speed. We all feel of this Movement that its very objective is "scriptural, necessary and fundemental to Christian growth, and that it is a God given plan to lead the Church out into the Promised Land of Liberty, and Power belonging to the Sons of God," to quote our New World Movement secretary, and all are pledged to give it full support. The Church has everywhere shown itself ready to take hold and do full share and we feel that God's blessing is on it.

EGYPT

Minnehaha Finney, Editor, Tanta, Egypt.

BOUGHT!

Did you ever go over to the city and buy yourself a new suit or a new dress and then go home and keep it on display in the family drawing room all the afternoon for each incoming member of the family to see and exclaim over? How becoming! What a splendid fit! And what a bargain! Well, there's one thing you have bought that I doubt if you have exclaimed over yet, and I'm sure that neither you nor your family have seen it. I presume that you have been reading about the big new property in Mansura, Egypt that you women together with your husbands thru the Foreign Board, have recently bought. You are the proud purchasers, but we who live here 'get the wearing of the suit', so I want to tell you how fine we feel in it. In other words! What a splendid fit and what a bargain.

The house resembles three large square houses of two stories each and all joined together by stairways and wide verandas. This represents not three homes as we in America usually think of them, but six, for each story is seven or eight room flat complete with baths, toilet and kitchen for the use of a family. We at home would call them flats. In Egypt, almost everybody lives in some such flat and calls it his house. Then too on each roof there are two store rooms and a wash room and space for drying clothes. In front of this row of buildings, there is a pretty but small flower garden and behind it is another rather large would-be flower garden and around the whole there is a fence and a wall. Now what do you think of six houses and a piece of land the size of a small city block all for the sum of—well, of course you know what you paid for it and I needn't mention that, BUT isn't it a bargain!

It is the hope that sometime within the next few years we will have a second missionary family, a young ladies household and a community center added to our present force since these are all a part of the New World Movement plan. If this plan is realized we have in this property three upstairs flats which will house two missionary families and the young ladies splendidly. We have one lower flat for a community center and two others for the use of the girls' school and it's Egyptian teachers. We have a boys' school here also but it is cared for in the church building a few blocks away. However, the plans for the future can all be taken care of under this roof which is already ours AND doesn't it fit!

Now lest Dr. Anderson's visit to Egypt should mature before it is possible for us to make our repairs and lest he should suffer the first momentary shock which I experienced, I am in duty bound to put here a note of warning which his wife may read and tell him about. The purchase is certainly a bargain and surely a fit, but I'll have to admit that it isn't altogether 'becoming'. And when one analyses this impression he discovers that it grows out of the condition of the wall, the outside of the building, the back garden and fence—purely external defects for which there is an unmistakable remedy. The wall consists of brick pillars cemented over, between which is iron fencing. Some of the cement at the bottom of the pillars has crumbled away and thereafter some of the bricks ran away on two feet, so it all leads one to wonder how much longer it will wait for the hand of repair. The building needs a fresh coat of white-wash and the wooden picket fence at the rear needs to be replaced by something more hole proof. At present, any little street urchin who sees something tempting within, tries his head between the pickets until he finds his head size, then wiggles his whole body thru, makes a dash for his prize and out again by his private entrance. We often stand on our back veranda and visualize our garden of the future. The Egyptian or perhaps the Eastern idea of a garden is a lot of flower beds and sanded paths and no grass. At present this garden has a goodly number of trees, palm, olive and henna, with a great empty cement fountain in the center. We dream of a grassy plot shaded by the same trees with a new one here and there, of roses and shrubs, geraniums and pansies and in the center a fountain of sparkling water with gold fish in the depths and about it all a strong wall protecting our flowers and our children as they play on the grass.

Now don't think the 'unbecomingness' overbalances the bargain for we of the Mission don't think so at all, but even in America property needs repairs some times. Being a woman I hesitate to say but I fancy that wall is the most expensive part of the repairs, and regrettable as it may seem, walls are a real necessity in Egypt. Flowers and shrubs cost little and so we hope that when you come to visit Mansura, you will be as pleased with your 'buy' as we who enjoy it's privileges.

But not all of life is done when you have bought a new suit and worn it—it's the life you live inside of it that counts, so you and we here are more concerned about what goes on inside this house—the evangelists who come to talk over S. S. study, the young people who come for their work, the teachers who gather for a social and business hour, the young Muslim secret believer who comes for encouragement, the school girls who come to study and learn of Jesus, the callers who come to show their friendliness and go away feeling the love of a Christian home, and lastly, what to us just now is very real, the daily struggle with the Arabic that we may learn to read and pray and talk with this people in their own tongue about Christ whom we all, you there and we here, seek to serve.

MRS. RALPH T. MCLAUGHLIN.

A LETTER FROM MIDDLE EGYPT

Dear Friends:

Middle Egypt gives the impression, I fear, of being an unimportant district as you hear from us and about us so little. There are only three lady missionaries in all this vast section. Miss Downie in the Fayoum and Mrs. Henderson and I in Beni Suef. It takes over three hours on an express train to ride the length of our district! No Ford yet is our portion and we must use the slower trains when wanting to visit smaller stations where expresses do not stop. So much time seems wasted in travel and yet often we have splendid opportunities to preach Christ to our fellow passengers.

Eagerly are we looking forward to the return of Rev. and Mrs. Galloway to the Fayoum from furlough and the coming there in November of Miss McFarland who is now studying at the Cairo study center. Beni Suef in November will also be reinforced by a Cairo study center student in the person of Miss Ralph. Our district will then boast of two ordained men and their families and four unmarried ladies. Perhaps you will hear oftener then when there will be more of us to write. Here's hoping.

Last week I made a visit to Minieh at the south end of our district, two hours away by express. Almost three months ago I started a new Bible woman in there and this was my first visit since to see her work! It just seems impossible to get to these distant places often. I'm glad to say I found her enthusiastic and apparently doing good and acceptable service. In less than two days there we made twenty visits. I also conducted a women's prayer meeting and visited a primary girl's school. There is plenty of work in Minieh for the full time of several missionaries.

The Middle Egypt Women's Missionary Society Presbyterial was held here

April 1st. A special feature and pleasure of the occasion was the presence of Miss Paden who was stationed here before she was called to America by the death of her mother. She has many warm friends and ardent admirers here still.

We had twenty one out of town delegates and guests at the meeting. Our program was a little too lengthy for one session and yet it would be hard to choose what could have been omitted.

Besides Miss Paden's address there were five excellent papers on the following subjects: "The Victorious Life and how Attain it"; "How Best Win Souls to Christ;" "What can the Egyptian Woman do for her Country, her Church and her Home;" "Woman in Literature;" (a new thought to the woman here), and "Our bad customs and how over come them."

Then our school girls gave a dialogue called "The Garden of Loving Hearts." There were songs and reports and all the other necessary things at a Presbyterial —the gathering of the Thank-Offering being the crowning feature. Our Middle Egypt offering amounted to $181.25 on the old value of a pound being $5.00. The exchange is really less than that now.

The day was full of pleasure and privilege and let us hope profit and to some of us it was full of work and resposibility as well.

Yours faithfully,
HELEN JEAN FERRIER.

THE TOWN OF THE SMALL PALM TREE. OR NAHHAILA.

Years ago, rather centuries ago, there was, growing near one of the curves of the Nile, a small Palm Tree. Close by stood a house, mud walls, corn-stock roof. One morning the dweller in this house met, at a point some distance away, a stranger. After conversing for a time he invited this new acquaintance, when passing, to drop in and call. "But where is your house?" asked the stranger. He studied a moment then answered, "Beside the small palm tree." It then struck him that this was not a bad way by which to designate the location of his house and so he repeated it to others. Those who gradually gathered in that part of the Nile Valley repeated it until it became known to all.

Later missionaries visited the town of the small Palm Tree.' Their message was believed. A church was established. At first, like the palm tree, it was small but it grew until it became the largest in all the land. Later families of the church sent their sons to a college which had been established in a city not far distant. One day one of these sons invited some of the professors to visit the town of the Small Palm Tree. We spent a day during which one thing struck me as inspiring, one thing as ridiculous, one thing as prophetic and another thing as pathetic. I have jotted down these four just to give you, if possible a snapshot of the town of the Small Palm Tree·

You have heard, no doubt, of the ravishing beauty of the Egyptian Sunset. There are those who have said that the coming to Egypt is justified if one but witness a single sunset. Long after he, who goes forth as a bridegroom, has sunk from sight he throws back across the borders of the sky, a mantel of gorgeous colorings as though he would say, "Remember me by this until I return." But inspiring as is the sunset, we discovered as we rode along on the train, that the opening scene of the day surpasses it in granduer. First there were broad bands of light sent out like heralds of the glory yet to be revealed. And through the melting shadows of the morning we could see the shepherd boys and girls taking their flocks to their feeding places. Here and there outlined against the sky there was a train of camels carrying the wealth of Egypt to some distant market. Then suddenly up from the waste places of the desert arose the sun rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. Day had come bringing to some joy, some tragedy, to many of Egypt's millions the grind of unrequited toil and to some the supreme tragedy of earth, death unaccompanied by a Divine Presence.

I remember when the home of a friend in the country, taking me to see a new invention which some American with true Yankee ingenuity had devised. It was a new type of incubator. Lest some one might rob him of his glory, the inventor had recorded the fact of his invention in Washington whereupon the Government had promised him the united power of the Army and Navy, not to mention the Chicago police force, to protect him in the ownership of his brilliant idea. As we stood, with uncovered heads, in the presence of this triumph of Yankee skill with its self regulating lamp and its thermometer which did all but wave a red flag when the contents became over warm I asked, "How many chickens will it extract at a time?" With a slight extention of the chest the owner answered, "One hundred and fifty." Forthwith I felt even more proud of my race and my land.

Coming back to the town of the Small Palm Tree, after breakfast our host offered to take us to see what is called in Arabic, "A Chicken Factory." Remembering what my countryman had done I felt it rather a condensation to seem interested but we went. We stooped to enter. There we saw a long corridor with small circular rooms opening off of each side over which there were low domes. "How many eggs do you hatch in a season?" some one asked. With humility the proprietor answered, "Seventy thousand." He was thinking no doubt of some competitor who hatches one hundred and seventy thousand. Still thinking of the yankee triumph I asked, "But where is your thermometer?" "We have none was the answer, we know the tempature in this way." He picked up an egg and held it against his eyeball. I looked about but saw no sign of any patent. Thus from the days of Joseph have the chickens of Egypt been ushered into the world.

From these hatcheries they are distributed by men with donkeys all through the surrounding villages. As we came out again into the fresh air I felt that a good deal of our boasting as to our age and our race is rather ridiculous.

But now for a thing which struck me as prophetic. To come at it by the right approach we must turn back a few years and meet in the Sabbath school at Keokuk, Iowa. One Sabbath moring, shortly after the opening of the Medical College, we had as our substitute teacher a young woman who came from this very village of the Small Palm tree. No one remembers what the lesson was about but every boy remembers that after the lesson she said the Lord's Prayer at least not in English, and should anyone have forgotten that he will remember that she distributed some stamps from Egypt. Remembering that she came from this village I asked our host if he knew of the family. He laughed and said that he had dealings with them only a few years ago. He then told us the joke. The father of the family, wishing to help his friends back in Egypt, and knowing that they were proposing to build a Church raised in America a good sum of money and sent it to this elder. The elder immediately, mentioning it to no one, wrapped it up and sent it back fearing as he said that the brethren would think that money could be gotten easily from America and so loose their interest in giving and consequently miss the blessing of giving. So from among themselves not even asking any other Church they raised $10,000 and are ready to launch forth in building as soon as materials become available. The spirit which prompted this splendid elder, the spirit of independence, is prophetic of great things in the future for the Church of Egypt.

And now in closing let me just mention the thing which struck me as pathetic. During our day we had been in five splendid homes, they were the best homes in the town. Christian homes and yet we had not seen one woman. In the back rooms they had prepared our sumptuous meals. They were as we knew honored and loved by their families, but over the land there still rests the deep pall of Islam, which throws its shadow even into the most enlightened Christian homes in the villages. That they may avoid criticism they must allow their liberty to be curtailed and must pass their days in retirement if not in seclusion. As I place in contrast with these homes, which are the best in all Egyptian Village life, another home which I have known it struck me as pathetic.

But across the future there are already thrown the beams of light as forerunners of the hour, not far distant, when the Sun of Righteousnes shall arise and to this land with its rich gifts of nature there shall come a day of blessing, God's day.

A VISIT TO SCHUTZ.

I live at the mat houses at Sida Bishr, and probably am pampered thereby, for they have solid wooden roofs of a good height, sufficient to let in the air and keep out all but the very heaviest rain. From this point of vantage I have surveyed with great wonder the premises in which the missionaries live at Schutz—premises so picturesque in their involved convolutions, and so romantic in the adventures that take place in them, that they certainly deserve description.

The events which led up to the present state of matters were explained to me, but they are too complicated for discussion here, far less criticism. Had it not been for the war, the Schutz property would no doubt have been rebuilt by this time. The mat houses are a temporary arrangement, and every summer finds them in worse condition.

The verandah on which Association sometimes meets is safe—let that be said at once. It has recently been propped up with iron girders. The rest of the property is slowly falling to pieces. The garden over which once upon a time Mrs. Ewing, and more recently Mrs. Finney, presided, and which bears traces of having once been beautiful, is in hopeless chaos, with a pile of unused girders on what was once the best flower bed. There are two rooms with wooden roofs The rest of the roofs are of matting, and on these it sometimes rains with thrilling results. A missionary and his wife and three children passed a night a few weeks ago in one bed under a torrent of rain. This bed possessed the proud distinction of having a dry mattress, and American inventiveness did the rest. Two leather luggage straps were fastened to the high bed posts, and on these were laid two damp matresses and a door lifted from its hinges. A wet mosquito net topped the whole. In this bed the family encamped, all except the feet of the largest child, for which no room could be found all night long. Part of the time they told stories; part of the time marvellous to relate, they slept, and in the morning emerged with a capital story to laugh over with the rest of the Mission.

Whether the missionaries also laughed who escaped being precipitated in their bed through one of the floors a fortnight ago, I do not know. I saw the wrecked room through which the bedstead fell with a tremendous noise one night. It looked as if an earthquake had visited the place. Fortunately the missionaries who were to have occupied that room had not arrived. But the summer may see other accidents. Last year two of the married ladies slipped through the verandah—one had her baby in her arms—and there are bits of the premises over which people walk cautiously. I lunched in a dining room without any window and with a large damp patch on the wall, and was shown a bedroom in the mat roof of which a hole had been cut as the only means of drying the room.

The conditions at Schutz no doubt strike my attention the more because I have got used to admiring the Mission property, and to taking for granted that the best site in any given city will probably be occupied by an American Mission building. Every time I see the old Esbekia premises or the new Girl's College at Cairo, or the College or Preparatory School or Hospital at Assuit, I feel respectful to those who planned and built on so large a scale. The site at Schutz is a good one, and the large, shady verandah is still one of the most beautiful I have seen in Egypt. But there is not much else in the way of comfortable accommodation that missionaries need in their holiday months if they are to return to their work fit and vigorous.

E. R. Balleny,

Ramle, Egypt.

VOLUNTEER WORK OF THE KHAYATT SCHOOL.

We have closed our Sabbath afternoon meetings during the summer months. The end of school finds everyone tired, and with many extra duties, and added to these the extreme heat of the summer, so that one has little energy for extra work. It is with regret, however, that we leave this encouraging work.

It has indeed been encouraging when we look back over the past months. Not all of the teachers have been as faithful to the vision they received during Dr. Eddy's visit as we wish they might have been. But perhaps some of us have not been as faithful in our prayers for them as we might. The girls' Volunteer Band at the Khayatt School, nevertheless, has met regularly every week, and the girls have been very faithful and earnest in their Sabbath visiting and speaking.

I recall the first time I set out with my group, consisting of two of the younger Egyptian teachers and three of the older girls. We were going to a Christian home in the heart of a Mohammedan section of the town. One of the teachers was to have charge of the meeting. The rest of us were to help in the singing and praying.

The women had been told of our coming a number were gathered waiting for us. Mats were spread for us to sit on, and soon the little courtyard where we met was crowded with women and children. At first the Mohammedan women were shy, but one of them who had been at Dr. Eddy's meetings acted as leader and brought them in, and after all were quieted we were ready to begin our meeting.

They liked the singing, and we sang several songs. When we spoke of praying, some of the Moslem women got up to leave, for they said, "We can't pray, we arn't clean." They were thinking of the forms, washings, etc., they must go thru before they pray. We explained we were only going to talk to God as we talk to a parent, for God was our Father. Did they understand? How could they? There is often not much love manifest between parent and child. But no one left, and they bowed their heads during the prayer. Then the one in charge of the meeting talked to them of God's love. They paid good attention, but there were many interruptions—babies crying, children to be quieted, yes, and women too, for they didn't know they shouldn't talk, for what did they know of a God of love? Very little love had come into their lives. In very simple language the speaker tried to tell them how God loved them, and how he wished us to love one another.

One wonders how much they have really grasped during the weeks that we have been going. Many of them have been at each meeting. They listen more quietly, and the dear little children crowd close around us and give the best of attention. Our last visit was on a very hot Sabbath, and we thought there would be few there, but as usual our court was well filled, I counted 16 women and a host of children. We have grown to love these Mohammedan women. Be neath their dirty galabeeya and grimy skin there is a soul Christ has died to save. Won't you pray for these women, that they may come to know Christ as their Savior?

MABLE DICKEY.

Assuit, Egypt.

READ RECOMMENDATION NO. 10.

In recommendation 10 adopted by the Women's General Missionary Society at Fort Morgan (see July Magazine) we have set before us once again the goal of 16,000 subscribers for the Women's Missionary Magazine. The time is the last week in *October* 1921. Let us 'FINISH THE JOB.'

EDITORIAL

MRS. GEORGE M. MOORE, Editor, Xenia, Ohio.

"GO YE"

In this issue we introduce a group of young women who have volunteered for work in our foreign mission fields. They are going to be assigned to any duty the Mission Committee considers best suited to their talents. They are willing to leave behind them all the possibilities for young womanhood in America. Any one can tell by their faces that they are of the best of young woman and can accomplish in the homeland equal to any other. They have spent their school days for a purpose. They are not now seeking their own will. They have heard the call, "Go Ye" and they have answered.

We have met these young women at the New Wilmington Conference and we feel their deep sincerity. They have, everyone of them, impressed the great gathering at that great conference, of their sincere purpose. They are leaving home and friends of their dearest affections and going into uncongenial and strange condition. It is going to be a difficult year as they begin to learn a foreign language. We are not over estimating the sacrifice necessary to become a foreign missionary. We are not drawing any comparisons with other mission tasks. We are trying to make it plain to our readers that a young woman going into a strange land for a small salary to remain there for *seven years* must have the highest motive for such an undertaking. She is not going to seek her own glory; not be companion in marriage with one she has vowed her earthly possessions. She is going solely in the name of Him whose words, "So I am with you always" is sufficient for all time and endless joy. With this goodly company of young women are several tried and true missionaries who are returning from their short furlough in the home land. They have proven in their terms of service that "Christian Missions are real" and also have expressed in their fidelity that our church has won merit through their terms of loving faithful work in the foreign lands. We must call attention to Miss McCullough of India and Miss Smith of Egypt. How wonderful indeed has been their experience and what honor they are to the Master. "Go Ye" and "Lo I am with you always."

* * *

During the months of August, September and October there will be a large company of men and women going under the care of the Foreign Board.

We know those returning to their fields of labor will have a great welcome there, and the new recruits; what visions of the fields are before them and none of us can know the deep joy awaiting to be shown to them as they fill up the waiting places.

Oh! the blessedness of a definite purpose for life. To each one and all together we follow with love and prayers.

"And they shall be mine when I come to make up my jewels."

* * *

Miss Kate Hill asks any one who appreciates the review pages 908 and 909 July issue to write Editor and "say so". The editor replies and says; It is not thanks but new *subscriptions* that are at stake in this added editorial duty.

That is the challenge now before the women. New Subscriptions—At least 5,000 in the "October Rally." That is the only compensation acceptable.

THANK-OFFERING DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY MRS. O. H. MILLIGAN.

805 Taylor Avenue, Avalon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Business Address: 905 Publication Building, Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

DON'T YOU CARE?

They are dying by tens! Do you know it?
Dying without the Light,
They Know not Christ as their Savior,
His Cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by hundreds! O hear it!
In chains of ignorance bound;
They know not the need of a Savior,
The Savior whom you have found.

They are dying by thousands! Believe it!
Oh! What are you going to do?
Your Savior cares for these lost ones,
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by millions! Yes, millions
All over the world's wide lands:
In Egypt and India and Sudan,
Can you sit with idle hands?

Dying while you are sleeping.
Dying while you are at play.
Dying while you laugh and chatter.
Dying by night and by day.

Some do not know they are needy;
Some of them care not at all;
But some o1 them hunger for Jesus,
Yet know not on whom to call.

They grope for a light in their darkness,
They call on their gods for aid,
There is no one to tell them of Jesus
And the sinner's debt-which He paid.

None-did, I say? 'This an error,
For God has a few lights out there
But when it's not three to a million,
Oh!-won't you begin to care?

Selected.

THANK OFFERING MESSAGE

Forward for 1921.

As the time of our annual "Ingathering" approaches we look back upon the work of the past year and ask were we each faithful to the trust He committed to our hand?

He wants our best of devotion, time, thought, interest, enthusiasm, and gifts. Have we given Him the best?

He gave us the blessing of a large Thank-Offering. For this we should praise Him. We are not to think of what has been accomplished but of what should be accomplished that the Light of Jesus Christ may be carried to the millions still in darkness.

His command to His children is that they go forward into larger and better service for Him. His blessings to us are abundant.

How Can We Show Our Gratitude to Him?

By working more earnestly for the advancement of His kingdom.

By enlisting the almost sixty thousand women of our church who are not members of a missionary society.

By pouring into the treasury our thank-offerings.

How Can We Make the 1921 Thank-Offering Better Than Any Previous Year?

All pray for it. Pray daily, pray in societies.

ALL work for it. Use your poster. Exceed the amount of the goal.

ALL use thank-offering boxes daily.

ALL read "The Message of the Returned Blanks," it will stimulate to greater effort.

ALL plan to observe the week previous to "Ingathering" as week of self denial, thanksgiving and prayer.

Great blessings are in store for those who wait upon Him.

HINTS FOR THE THANK-OFFERING SECRETARY.

First—Order Thank-Offering envelopes and leaflets (free for postage) in plenty of time to send out a week or ten days before the date of the Thank-Offering service.

If leaflets are desired please so state when ordering envelopes. It is helpful to send a personal note of invitation with the envelopes and leaflets.

Second—Plan to meet the expense of the Thank-Offering service from the contingent fund of your society, never-no-never-take it from your Thank-Offering.

Third—Keep all interested in the Life Memberships. These are included in the Thank-Offering. Senior Life membership $25. Junior Life membership Life Membership, ten dollars· Life Director, three hundred dollars.

Fourth—Do not retard the work of your Presbyterial Secretary, and mar the annual report of your General Thank-Offering Secretary by procrastination or failure, to send in blanks well filled and on time.

This last year 206 societies failed to make any report.

Fifth—Blanks for the reports from Women's, Young Women's and Junior Societies will be sent to your Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary early in September. If you do not receive the blank for your society write to your Presbyterial Secretary.

Sixth—If you need Thank-Offering Posters or Thank-Offering Boxes for the new year order in plenty of time that you can have them placed for use from the beginning of the year.

Seventh—DO NOT use you Thank-Offerings (a) To meet congregational expenses. (b) To make up congregational pledges to Church Boards. (c) For church Benevolences. (d) For church or parsonage furnishings or for debt. (e) For society pledges or contingent expenses. (f) For New World Movement pledges. (g) For any object —however worthy it may be—outside of the missionary work under the care of the Women's General Missionary Society.

Please do not cripple the work your society is organized to support, by diverting your Thank-Offering into channels outside of that for which the women of our church are responsible.

Eighth—The General Treasurer: Mrs. J. B. Hill, 1531 Denniston Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. closes her books for the 1921 Thank-Offering on January 1st 1922, hence your offerings should be in her hands through the Treasurer of your Presbyterial—not later than the middle of December.

Ninth. Order all supplies from 905 Publication Building, 209 Ninth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

May God richly bless you for what you have accomplished for His cause and lead you forward into greater service for Him.

THANK-OFFERING SUPPLIES.

Leaflets.

The Mission of a Thank-Offering Box, by Maud M. Wright.
The Christian's Song of Thanksgiving, by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.
Whose is it? Mine or God's?
Missions—The Thermometer of the Church, by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.
Mrs. Morgan's Quarter, by Kate Summer Gates.
What is a Thank-Offering., by Rev. James Harper, D. D.
Suppose. A Talk with Myself.
How to Settle the Missionary Problem, by Willis R. Hotchkiss.
History of the Thank-Offering, by Mrs. O. H. Milligan.
Why I give A Daily Thank-Offering, A Bible Book Mark, by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter.
A Daughter of Tyre, by Mrs. Lydia I. Wellman.
What has been Accomplished by the Thank-Offering, by Mrs. W. H. Vincent.
Life Membership Fund, by Mrs. J. B. Hill.
At Life's Daily Crossings, by Mrs. O. H. Milligan.
Why Give a Thank-Offering, by Mrs. S. E. DuBoise.
Our Thank-Offering, by Mrs. E. A. Campbell.
Gratitude, by Mrs. O. H. Milligan.
The Christian's Song of Thanksgiving, by Mary Clokey Porter.
Rashm's Missionary Hen (India), by Mrs. Eunice W. Foster.
Stories of Egypt's Thank-Offering, by Mrs. Finley.
Prayer and our Preparation, by Mrs. O. H. Milligan.
Message of the Returned Blanks.

For Societies.

Thank-Offering Message for 1921.
Blanks for Annual Reports of Women's, Young Women's and Junior Societies.
Blanks for Annual Presbyterial Thank-Offering Secretary's Report.
Boxes—Senior and Junior Thank-Offering Boxes.
Thank-Offering Creed.
Thank-Offering Poster

Junior Helps.

God's Call to the Young.
Children's Worship.
The Missionary Potato.
What a Child's Penny Did in Saving Souls.
Prayers in verse.
The Flower Gift.
The Little Rills
Little Joe's Thank-Offering.
Georgia's Little Corner.
A Gift that was not a Gift.

THANK-OFFERING SERVICES.

New Service—The World Call by Mrs. O. H. Milligan., Price Five Cents.
Out of Darkness into Light, by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter., Price Five Cents.
Christ for the World., by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter., Price Three Cents.
The Light of the World., by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, Price Three Cents.
Voices of Thanksgiving., by Mrs. Mary Clokey Porter, Price Three Cents.

Boxes free for postage. Postage per dozen with leaflets, 15 cents.

Envelopes—free for postage. Postage per dozen with leaflets 10 cents.

On account of different postage rates to all zones; an average of 15 cents is charged on boxes and ten cents on envelopes.

Leaflets free. Postage 8 cents per dozen.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

MISS ELIZABETH MILLIGAN, Secretary, 904 Publication Bldg., 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mission Study Text Books and Supplements.

FOREIGN STUDY BOOKS.

Facts and Folks in Our Fields Abroad, Price cloth, 75 cents. Paper 50 cents.
The U. P. Trail, Paper only 40 cents.
Missionary Lessons for Youngest Juniors, Price 30 cents.
Daughters of India, Price 10 cents each, $1.00 per dozen.
In the King's Service, Price 20 cents.

HOME STUDY BOOKS.

From Survey to Service., Price cloth, 75 cents; paper, 50 cents.
Stay-at Home Journeys, Price 40 cents.

October Program.

Prayer Cycle, Sixteenth Day.
A Sudan Lion Skin., Price 3 cents.
Our Missions in the Sudan, Price 3 cents.
Home Life in Africa, Price 2 cents.
Other Children., Price 2 cents.
The Brave Hunchback., Price 2 cents.
The King's Sacrifice Girl, Price 2 cents.
Witch Doctors and Charms, Price 2 cents.

Articles by Dr. and Mrs. Lambie in back numbers of the Women's Missionary Magazine and the United Presbyterian, for information on Abyssinia, and by Sudan Missionaries for information for that field.

Foreign Mission Hand Book; 1921, 10 cents Order from Foreign Board, Philadelphia.

NEW LEAFLETS.

FREEDMEN'S

Cap'n Pratt Goes to School., Price 3 cents.
Plea of the Submerged Tenth., Price 3 cents.

INDIAN

A Needy Race., Price 3 cents.
Work at Simnasho, Price 3 cents.
The Americanization of the Native American, Price 3 cents.

EGYPT

The Higher Education of Girls in Egypt., Price 3 cents.
Lost—How? Price 3 cents.
They Brought Their Children to Jesus, Price 3 cents.

INDIA

A Woman's Sorrow, Price 2 cents
A Boy's Own Story, Price 2 cents.
Camping Season, Price 2 cents.
Cleaning Out the Well, Price 2 cents.
Means of Travel, Price 2 cents.
When Death Comes in India, Price 2 cents.
Women of India, Price 2 cents.

PAGEANT

Y. W. M. S. Service Station, Price 10 cents.

The above pageant was a part of the Saturday night program at the Fort Morgan Convention. It was written by Miss Ida B. Little, Young Women's Secretary, and was one of the very interesting features of the convention. It is adapted for either congregational or presbyterial presentation. Send for it for one of your autumn programs.

YOUNG WOMEN'

Edited by the Young W
MISS IDA
1503 Dormont Avenue,

MOTTO: “PE

AIM: “HAVE FAITH THAT RIGHT
DARE TO DO YOUR DUTY

A NOTICE FOR YOU.

Many request having been made for the pageant given by the young women of Fort Morgan at the recent General Convention—“Y. W. M. S. Service Station”—the Board at a recent meeting ordered the printing of the leaflet. You may secure the pageant from the Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. The price per copy cannot be definitely quoted at this writing, the leaflet not being off the press, but we feel sure it will not *exceed* 10 cents and most likely will not reach that figure. The opinion of many who saw the pageant enacted was that every young women's society should secure a copy. There is condensed information found therein which may keep many societies from falling into a state of ennui or perhaps disentegration; *“Live the parts”* if you want a successful rendition of the pageant.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

A recommendation presented at the Fort Morgan Convention, passed by the Assembly and later ratified by the Corporation meeting in Pittsburgh called for a committee to be appointed by the Board to prepare daily Bible readings for the women, young women, of the Missionary societies, the reading to begin in September. The committee herein presents the readings for the month of September. For three months the fruits of the Spirit will be the general topic. September subject—Love, Joy, Peace.

1. Gal. 5:22,23.
2. Lev. 19:1,3,17,18.
3. 1 John 2:1,17.
4. 1 John 3:13,24.
5. 1 John 4:7,21.
6. 1 Cor. 13.
7. John 3:14,21
8. John 15:8,13.
9. John 13:31,38.
10. John 21:15,25.

out on the farm and mother was always contriving and planning to add to her Thank-Offering. She kept her box in sight throughout the year.

It became a kind of a joke among us that it was no use to give mother any money. It would always go into the Thank-Offering box. When the girls began teaching school, out of the first month's wages in the fall they would send home a dollar, sometimes more, to mother's Thank-Offering box, for that pleased her more than a birthday gift.

She was fond of crisp, white ruching for the collar and sleeves of her black dress but we found we had to buy it and send it home, because if we sent the money it went into her Thank-Offering box! I canot tell all the little personal ways by which she gathered and increased her Thank-Offering. Most of them too sacred to tell to people who did not know her.

I only turn this page of memory for you because of all the sweet and precious memories of Mother, not one is dearer to me than of her Thank-Offering. Dear mother! It seems to me now she lacked so many things but she was never dissatisfied, never discontented. I covet her brave heart, her spirit of gratitude which prompted such loving solicitude that her Thank-Offering might be commensurate with her blessings. To the end that all our lives may be enriched through the love gifts of Thank-Offering I have told you of this precious memory. Won't you try this year? Just try "Mother's Way."

Mrs. C. E. Grief—Mission Studies

HE MONTH.

4. The Black Moslem.
5. The Girl's Boarding School. Its Opportunity and Influence.
  (a). The Boy's Home. Its Aim and Its Need.
6. The Sudanese Woman and Her Outlook.
7. The Way to the Black Man's Heart.
8. Medicine and Missions in the Sudan.
9.The Mission Field a Battle Field.
10. In the Shadow of Islam.
(a). Sunrise in the Sudan.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MRS. H. C. CAMPBELL, Secretary, 340 S. Hiland Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

As usual this article for the September number of our Magazine is written in New Wilmington, Pa. Ten members of our board were in attendance at the preliminary conference. The remaining five would have been there had not duty called them elsewhere. Our editor, Mrs. George Moore and three representatives of our foreign board along with the members of the outgoing missionaries constituted the conference. Three blessed days were spent in prayer, praise and the informal discussion of the following program prepared by Dr. W. B. Anderson.

Thursday, August 4, 1921

THE DEFINITION OF MISSIONS.
- Devotional—John:17
- Introductory Statement.
- The Divine Origin of Missions.
- The Single Aim of Missions.
- The Breadth of the Scope of Missions.

CONDITIONS IN THE FIELD TODAY.
- Devotional.
- In Egypt.
- In India.
- In the Sudan.
- Devotional
- Social Hour.

Friday, August 5.

THE USE AND CARE OF FUNDS.
- Devotional
- Foreign Board Finances
- Women's Board Finances
- Provisions of the Manual
- Devotional

THE MISSIONARY'S PERSONAL LIFE.
- Devotional
- His Physical Fitness
- His Intellectual and Social Life
- His Spiritual Growth
- Devotional
- Address and Evening Prayers

Saturday, August 6.

SOME PROBLEMS IN SERVICE
- Devotional
- The Language
- The Native Church
- The Non Christian Community
- Relations to Government
- Devotional

THE FIVE YEARS' PROGRAM
- Devotional
- Outlook for the "407"
- N. W. M. Building and Equipment Program.
- Closing service of prayer

As you will note from the foregoing the discussions were pertinent and practical and especially interesting and instructive to those who are going out for the first time.

For two hours one day the conference divided missionaries of Foreign board going into one room and missionaries of Women's Board meeting in another. In the women's room the new blanks for travel account were explained and distributed. Many questions concerning finances; outfits were asked and answered; the members of board and missionaries thus learning to know and love each other.

Seventeen young ladies have been elected since last September(See their pictures on frontispiece). One Miss Stella Robertson will not be able to sail until autumn 1922. The names of sixteen new recruits follow:

For Egypt

Misses Constance E. Garrett. Martha C. Glass. Mariana Gray. Lucy Lightowler. Helen J. Noordeweir. Laura B. Wright.

For India

Misses Rebecca Jean Black. Zarra S. Hoon. Janette Howland. Ella W. Jamison (Nurse). Dr. Reba C. Hunsberger. Willa M. Ramsey. Vivian L. Trimble. Carrie Worman.

Dr. Hunsberger with the new physicians of Foreign Board expect to take a three months course in the study of oriental diseases and medicines in London; so that she will not reach India before January, 1922.

Sudan

Miss C. Blanche Soule; Nurse for Nasser.
Miss Frances Turk; Nurse for Khartum North.

Miss Soule goes to Nasser at request of Sudan Mission. Miss Turk is to fill vacancy at Khartum North caused by the marriage of Miss McKeown several years ago.

The returning party consists of the following named ladies.

For Egypt

Misses Margaret Smith. Dr. Carrie M. Buchanan. May Holland. Davida Finney.

Miss Buchanan will sail as soon as her permit to enter Egypt is received. Miss Finney in October and Miss Holland early in 1922. Miss Mary E Baird, owing to the death of her father, will not be able to return before the autumn of 1922.

For India

Misses Margaret Fehlman. Bessie Flemming. Ella M. Gordon. Olive Laing. Rose McCullough. Ruth Warnock. Flora Jamison

Miss Gordon's furlough has been extended at request of her physician and Miss Jamison is detained for a time by the serious illness of a beloved sister.

Altogether there will be an addition to our missionary forces in the very near future of twenty seven. None of us home folks can dream of what that means to our beloved workers on the fields.

The salaries of four of the new young ladies are unprovided for. Will any who read this article join with us in prayer that the Lord will put it into the heart of some individual or society to pledge the needed sum for each of these dear girls. Eight hundred for salary and the same sum for support of work. Sixteen hundred for each missionary means full support.

The W. G. M. S. roll now numbers one hundred and twenty eight (128). Think what that means to the Kingdom and to the women of our own little conservative church. The honor the Lord has put upon us in making us responsible for such a large number in addition to our institutions. He that is faithful in little shall be made faithful in much· May God give us grace to abound still more and more.

Westminster College with its usual generous hospitality gave the missionaries a fine reception. The campus was brilliantly illuminated by electric bulbs; long tables decorated with the college colors—white and blue—and lovely flowers were set for the comfort of the guests and served with delicious cake and ice cream. Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, with their capable assistants, made every one feel that it was an honor to serve them. The receiving line composed of missionaries and representatives of boards numbered more than seventy persons and hundreds of persons walked by giving each one a friendly hand clasp and a kindly word of greeting and farewell. Hearty thanks are hereby extended to the college and its President, Dr. Wallace, for the highly prized honors bestowed Wednesday night, the night of the reception was Foreign Mission night of the conference. Chairs were placed upon the platform for more than a score of persons. Addresses were made to a large and interested audience by Dr. G. A. Sowash of the Sudan—Dr. H. C. Chambers of India and Miss Davida Finney of Egypt. Dr. W. B. Anderson introduced the missionaries of the Foreign Board and your scribe the Missions of the Women's Board. As each person rose to be presented he or she was greeted with applause and responded with a verse of scripture. Any witness of the group on the platform must have been impressed with the fact that our Father still has a special work for the United Presbyterian Church and that He is able to furnish lives and means to accomplish His purpose.

The Young People's Conference was said to be the "best ever." A total enrollment of 133—110 of whom were in the boy's camp manifests the place the New Wilmington Conference occupies in the hearts of our young people.

May the Master bless them every one is the prayer.

The past year has been one of increased interest and giving and prayer. All along the line there has been progress. We must do our best to get the Magazine into new homes and thus get the knowledge of our work to the whole church. See page 128.

INDIAN DEPARTMENT.

Mrs. John S. Crawford, Secretary, 5 Trenton Ave., Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Tama, Iowa. Rev. R. G. Smith reports: Preaching Services, Average attendance Sanitorium 50. Mission 30. Sabbath School sessions 8. Junior Missionary meetings 8.

We have had from 30 to 50 attending our evening meetings all winter. This month has been a very active month. We gave 5 musical entertainments. One at the Children's home at Toledo. One at the Sanitorium and three on the Reservation. The mission building would not hold the crowd. We opened the windows so that those ouside might hear. The entertainers were furnished by the Y. M. C. A. of the Iowa State College Railroad expenses were paid by the Y. Sanitorium furnished supper and the Mission provided entertainments for the night and breakfast.

The Indians are very anxious for a church building like the white man has. We are getting estimates for cost of same. Will it be possible? The Indians will do the excavation and hauling. What will we do?

Simnasho, Oregon; Rev. W. A. Matthews writes: Our attendace at services during July have been satisfactory. Average for the five Sabbaths 72.

The Indians are beginning harvest and many of the women will be going to the mountains for huckleberries so our attendace will be small from now on. We are very glad to have permission from the Board to go ahead with the water proposition. I am investigating the matter now as to cost etc. I have written concerning the Delco lighting system and will submit figures in a short time.

We greatly appreciate the Board's kindness in these matters as well as in the matter of the two week's vacation.

One of our Indians, Arthur Tom, had his leg broken last Saturday, when a horse he was riding fell on him. I drove his reaper for him all day Monday because he had a field of wheat that was very ripe and that needed cutting badly. Arthur is no friend of the Church but I wanted him to know that Christians have to some extent at least, learned to love their enemies. We visited the Barrs last week. Everything inside and out is spick and span. Their daughter Bessie is greatly interested in the Indians, and is a most enthusiastic worker. Their son, George is at home at present. He has just completed a year of Post-graduate work at Cornell.

We are so glad to get these items of interest about our new workers at Warm Springs.

Warm Spring, Oregon: Rev. R. H. Barr reports 80 pastoral visits. Average attendance at the congregational S. S. in the afternoon 25. Preaching services, 9. Sabbath School sessions 5. Offerings of Congregation $8.10. S. S. $1.25.

One of our elders was visiting lately at the Umatilla Reservation (Nez Perces) during a series of meetings. Yesterday week ago (while I was at Seek Seek qua) the elder gave a report at the afternoon service. He was touched to think that some of their young people have gone to the Shakers while the Nez Perces young people are in the church and helping in the Lord's work. The subject came up again yesterday afternoon. Some 7 or 8 agreed to make their children a subject of prayer daily. We sincerely hope it may lead to a true revival. Some of our members seem to be much interested.

Tuesday Prayer Groups: Pray with—and for our work and workers among the Indians.

PLANS AND PROBLEMS.

MISS KATE HILL, 904 Publication Bldg., 209 9th St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

"RUTS! RUTS!! RUTS!!!

Disease. Chapter 1.

"Ruts" is a disease which often thrives in our missionary societies. Often it is of long duration and is inherited, and so considered incurable.

It takes months to run its course, always resulting fatally unless taken in time.

The peculiar danger of "Ruts" is that it runs the spiritual vitality so low as to leave the society victim of various deadly diseases."

The Cause.

Improper diet. Same songs, Same prayers, Same women at meeting. Same women on program. Meetings same day of the month, same hour. Seats arranged the same way. Apparently air unchanged.

Nothing new, Nothing spicy, Nothing appetizing for mind or spirit.

RESULT—RUTS!" (to be continued).

Letters to the Presbyterial president and to the presidents of women's and young women's missionary societies have been sent out during August. If any president has failed to receive a copy if she will write me I will be glad to send her one.

In the September Magazine the Bible work prepared by a special committee begins. Let each society begin at once to follow this very interesting plan. The goal for this year is TEN THOUSAND Women following this course month by month. The chairman of the committee writes "You may tell the women the readings will not be the same any two months Hope a careful count will be kept of the number engaged in the work." I am sure these monthly Bible readings could be used very acceptably in the devotional exercises each month and thus keep them before the society.

Did you use the questions on page 908 and 909 in the July Magazine? Were they helpful? If so, write and tell the editor and thank her for that extra page and the work it was to her.

So many have written concerning the "School of Missions. The following is the suggested plan.

The Women's General Missionary Society has requested the Young People's Christian Union to co-operate with them in conducting in each congregation a "School of Missions." It is not a theory but a recognized method of work. It is found in other denominations. Several United Presbyterian Congregations used it successfully last year.

Organization

It should be as simple as possible. The Officers of societies co-operating should meet with the pastor to formulate plans for the school.

Committees

1. Publicity. This committee should be the advance agent of the "School". By poster, announcement, printed notices and invitation the whole congregation and community should be interested.

2. Enrollment. This committee should canvass, previous to the school for membership in the different classes.

3. Book Committee. This committee should see that before the opening session the study books are in the hands of every member of the school· They should provide a black board for each class room, supplementary books and leaflets.

The School Itself.

1. A principal should be selected by the officers of the co-operating societies. The principle should be a person of executive ability, interested in missions, and thoroughly up to date.

2. Class leader. If possible secure one from each group to lead the class. Possibly the pastor might lead the men's class. One who has been to the summer conferences for the young people and the women. Encourage individuality as much as possible.

3. Classes. There should be classes for ALL. The number will depend on the probable attendance and the leaders procurable. It is better not to have the classes too large· In small congregations it may be necessary to combine classes, in large congregations to divide them.

Suggested Classes

1. Primary. Story hour for little folks.
2. Junior.
3. Intermediate.
4. Young People.
5. Men.
6. Women.

Place and Time.

Place· In the Church.
Time. One hour for six consecutive weeks.

Program

1. Opening song service and prayer. 10 minutes.
2. Study period. Opened with prayer. 40 minutes.
3. Closing period. Class reports, etc. 10 minutes

Mission Study Books

Senior. "Facts and Folks in Our Fields Abroad." by Miss Anna A. Milligan.
Junior. "The U. P. Trail," by Mrs. Charles W· Fulton.
"Missionary Lessons for Youngest Juniors."

Supplementary Reading

1. See list in "Facts and Folks."
2. "Daughters of India."
3. Leaflets published by the Literature Department of Women's General Missionary society.

Order text books, etc., etc., from Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Review.

One evening might be profitably spent in review of the book. Each class present one chapter by impersonation, tableau, pageant, lecture, question and answer, debate or class work. etc·

A splendid pageant has been prepared on "Facts and Folks" and should be presented in every congregation.

A testimony or "Say-So" meeting will give an opportunity for expression of benefits received or life decisions.

Results

1. Enrollment of many not interested in missions.
2. Increased knowledge of our foreign fields.
3. Deeper realization of personal responsibility.
4. New Missionary and Junior societies.
5. Prayer life enlarged. "Pray Ye".
6. Life surrendered and life decisions. "Go Ye."

Report

Send report of "School of Missions" to Miss Elizabeth Milligan; Literature Department, 904 Publication Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Name of Presbyterial ....
Name of Congregation ....
Name of society ....
No. of classes ....
Name of text books ....
Results ....
Date ....
Number enrolled ....

DON'T FORGET MAGAZINE WEEK.

TUESDAY PRAYER GROUPS
of
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN WOMEN

Prayer—Its Power

"Away in foreign lands they wonder how
Their simple words had power
At home—the Christians two and three
Had met to pray an hour.

All Round the Year.

"All through the round of the year,
Workers afar and near
Tell of His grace and His love
Publish good news from above.
We, here at home, as we stay,
Pray for them day by day
Each one of us will grow dear,
Al through the round of the year."

1. Pittsburgh—Every Tuesday, 10 a. m. Assembly Room, Publication Building—Mrs. C. E. Mowry, 162 S. Linwood Ave., Crafton, Pa.
2. New York—First Tuesday, Room 824, Pres. Bldg., 156 Fifth Ave., 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. James Parker, 920 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
3. Philadelphia—First Tuesday, Second U. P. Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. Florence K. Payne, 4216 Osage Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
4. Chicago—Second Tuesday, New Y. W. C. A., 4th floor—Mrs. S. P. Cody, 824 E. 48th, Chicago, Ill.
5. New Castle—First Tuesday, First U. P. Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. Ellwood Gilbert, 426 Garfield Ave., New Castle, Pa.
6. New Concord (formerly Cambridge)—Sec-

ond Tuesday, 2:39 p. m.—Mrs. James Aiken, New Concord, Ohio.

7. Monmouth—Second Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 4:00 p. m.—Mrs. Mary Porter Kyle, 410 Clinton Ave., Monmouth, Ill.

8. Cleveland—Second Tuesday, Old Stone Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. E. F. Gebbie, 1298 E. 141st St., Cleveland, Ohio.

9. Los Angeles—First Tuesday, First U. P. Church, 10:30 a. m.—Mrs. H. W. Crabbe, 1135 W. 30th St., Los Angeles.

10. Youngstown—First Tuesday, Tabernacle Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. Wm. McClelland, 2007 Beachwood Ave., Brownlee Woods, Youngstown, Ohio.

11. San Francisco—First Tuesday, First U. P. Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. B. B. McClelland, 1427 Spruce St., Berkeley, Calif.

12. Xenia—First Tuesday, First U. P. Church, 2:00 p. m.—Mrs. David D. Dodds, 726 S. Detroit St., Xenia, Ohio.

13. Belle Center—First Tuesday in the homes 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. O. H. Windham, R. .D 1, Belle Center, Ohio.

14. St. Louis—First Tuesday 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. J. F. LeClere, 2605 Union Blvd., St. Louis. Mo.

15. Washington—First Wednesday, Church 10 a. m.—Mrs. J. B. Lemon, 514 Allison St., Washington D. C.

16. Princeton—Every Tuesday in the homes, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. S. A. Davison, 270 E. Water St., Princeton, Indiana.

17. Detroit—First Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 2:30 p. m.—Miss Florence Wilson, 4545 Commonwealth Ave., Detroit, Mich.

18. Keota—Every Tuesday in the homes, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. C. F. Hoffman, Keota, Iowa.

19. Butler—First Tuesday, First U. P. Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. A. H. Baldinger, 209 E. Jefferson St., Butler, Pa.

20 Tri-City—First Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 2:30 p. m.—Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, 1632 12th Ave., Moline, Ill.

21. Albany—Every Tuesday, Church Parlors, 3:00 p. m.—Mrs. J. N. Knipe, Washington, Ave., Albany, N. Y.

22. Spokane—First Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Mrs. J. M. Starlin, E. 1004 Illinois Ave., Spokane, Wash.

23. Meridan—First Tuesday in the homes—Mrs. Lester Bell, Box 703, Butler, Pa.

24. Albany—Second Tuesday, U. P. Church —Mrs. R. C. Garrett, 629 Vine St., Albany, Oregon.

25. East Palestine—First Tuesday in the Church, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. W. B. Boies, East Palestine, Ohio.

26. Toledo—First Tuesday in Pastor's study, 10 a. m.—Miss Carrie L. Hood, 620 Baldwin Place, Toledo, Ohio.

27. Buffalo—First Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 2:00 p. m.—Mrs. J. R. Logue, 366 Richmond Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

28. Topeka—First Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 10 a. m.—Mrs. H. C. Douglas, 1122 College Ave., Topeka Kansas.

29. Pittsburg—First Tuesday in the homes—Mrs. Jeanette Cuthbertson, Pittsburg, Kansas, 511 N. Catalpa St.

30. Viola—Third Wednesday, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. V. P. Terry, Viola, Ill.

31. Frenchburg—Every Saturday night 7:00 p. m.—Mrs. W. J. Giffen, Frenchburg, Ky.

32. Bellefontaine—First Tuesday in the homes, 2:00 p. m.—Mrs. George Weymouth, 132 North Hays St, Bellefontaine, Ohio

33 Columbus—Second Tuesday in the church —Mrs. J. W. Lawrence, 1442 Highland St., Columbus, Ohio.

34. Canonsburg—Greenside Ave., Church, Last Friday, 10 a. m.—Mrs. Wesley Greer, Canonsburg, Pa.

35. Goldfield—Every Tuesday—Mrs. W. J. Comin, Goldfield, Iowa.

36. Puget Sound—Second Tuesday—Y. W. C. A., 2:00 p. m.—Mrs. Ella J. Jordan, 4548 17th St., N. E., Seattle, Wash.

37. Economy—Every Tuesday in the homes —Mrs. Chas. Webb, 70 16th St., Ambridge, Pa.

38. Bovina Center—Every Friday, in the homes, 10 a. m.—Mrs. F. N. Crawford, Bovina Center, N. Y.

39. Parnassus—First Tuesday—Mrs. Ida M. Kline, New Kensington, Pa.

40. Omaha—First Tuesday, Y. W. C. A., 10 a. m.—Mrs. J. E. Dodds, 2502 Marcy St., Omaha, Neb.

41 Jetmore—First Tuesday, Y. W. C.

41 Jetmore—First Tuesday, 10 a. m.—Miss Zelma M. McCormick, Jetmore, Kansas.

42. Salinas—Tuesday in the homes, 3 p. m.—Mrs. George McCormick, Salinas, Calif.

43. Grove City—Tuesday and bi-monthly—Mrs. A. H. Smith, Lincoln Ave., Grove City,

44. Cedar Creek—Third Wednesday, 2:30 p. m.—Mrs. W. J. Donaldson, Box 30, R. R. 2, Little York, Ill.

45. Tarkio—First and Third Tuesday, in the homes, 9:30—Mrs. Mary M. Weir, Tarkio, Mo.

46. Second Butler—First Tuesday, 7:30, in

49. Weiser—Wednesday evening—Mrs. W. C. Adair, Weiser, Idaho.

50. Shedd—First Tuesday, 10 a. m. in the church—Mrs. W. L. Grove, Shedd, Oregon.

51. Sterling—Every Tuesday, Mrs. Ida R. Hill, Sterling, Kansas.

the church—Mrs. John J. Campbell, corner Fourth and Pearl, Butler, Pa.

47. Turtle Creek—First Tuesday, Mrs. C. A. Boone, 4117 Osborn St., Turtle Creek, Pa.

48. San Antonio—Thursday, 3 p m.—Mrs. L. M. Parr, 716 Lewis St., San Antonio, Texas.

MAGAZINE WEEK!!!

October 24-30, 1921

GOAL—16,500 SUBSCRIPTIONS

WHAT IS YOUR GOAL?

"SURE! WE'LL FINISH THE JOB"

MAGAZINE WEEK SONG.

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

Tune—"The Old Oaken Bucket."

How dear to our hearts is the steady subscriber
Who promptly renews at the end of the year.
Who sends in her name and her money quite gladly
Which casts round the office a halo of cheer.

Chorus

She never says "Stop it; I cannot afford it,
I'm getting more magazines now than I read!"
But always says "Send it, our people all like it,
We think it a help, and in fact a great need."
Then joy comes again as a brand new subscriber
Writes: "Send me your magazine much talked about.
My friends, Oh! so many say:'Surely you want it
It's one Magazine that you can't do without.'"

Chorus

May she never say, "Stop it! I cannot afford it.
I'm getting more Magazines now than I read,"
But always say, "Send it our family all like it,
We find it a help and in fact a great need.

(Courtesy of Mrs. R. E. Clark, Chicago)

Adopted by Kate A Hill.
a

IMPORTANT—OCTOBER 24-31.

READ RECOMMENDATION No. 10.

October 24-31, 1921 is Magazine Week. The goal for subscribers made some years ago was 16,500. Will you help us make this the greatest week in the history of the WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

To accomplish this task we have fixed goals for each Presbytery. It is the Minimum GOAL.

	Present Subscribers	Additional Subscribers		Present Subscribers	Additional Subscribers
Albany	79	50	Keokuk	269	75
Allegheny	713	200	Lake	159	75
Argyle	148	55	Los Angeles	213	75
Arkansas Valley	222	75	Mansfield	113	50
Beaver Valley	461	150	Mercer	128	75
Big Springs	108	45	Monmouth	282	75
Boston	112	75	Mononghela	252	300
Butler	350	75	Muskingum	305	100
Caledonia	196	75	First Ohio	283	75
Cedar Rapids	199	75	New York		
Chartiers	495	100	Oklahoma	57	20
Chicago	130	75	Omaha	105	60
Cleveland	346	100	Oregon	87	75
College Springs	275	75	Pawnee	124	50
Colorado	164	75	Philadelphia	436	100
Concordia	25	25	Puget Sound	105	50
Conemaugh	132	75	Rock Island	192	75
Delaware	140	75	San Franscisco	133	75
Des Moines	232	75	Sidney	87	75
Detroit	59	40	Spokane	110	40
Garnett	62	40	Stuebenville	221	75
Hudson	99	75	Texas	32	25
Idaho	88	30	Tennessee	41	30
Central Illinois	87	40	Westmoreland	380	100
Southern Illinois	240	80	Uncompraghe	20	10
Indiana	187	50	Vermont	24	25
Indiana Northern	58	25	Wheeling	288	75
Kansas City	122	65	Wisconsin	92	40
Kisiminetas	152	75	Xenia	250	100

Read the above carefully. It shows as near as possible the number of magazines that are taken in each presbytery and the number to be secured.

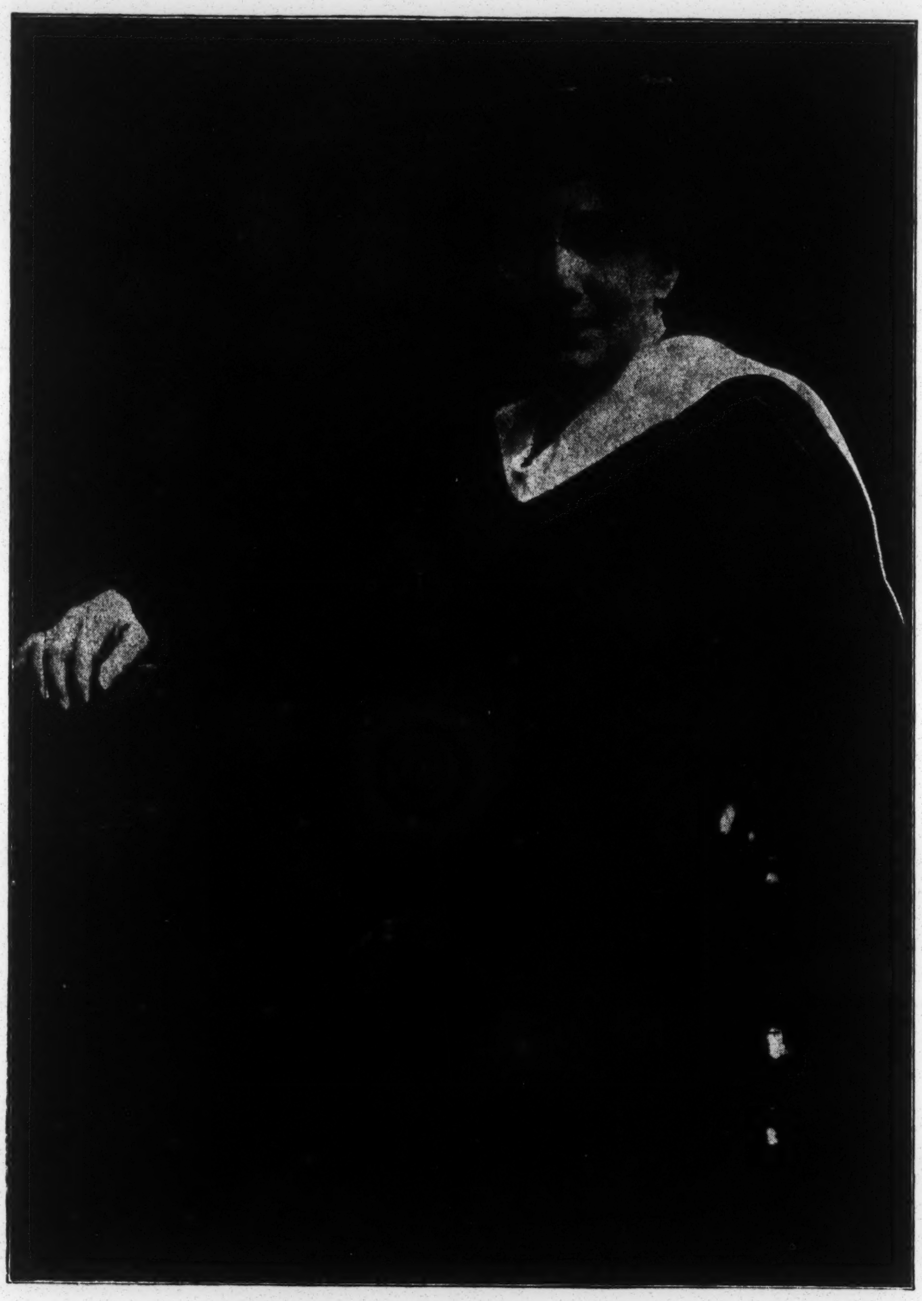
Keep in mind that the "Goal" is not merely the total of 16,500 subscribers but the effort to place the Women's Missionary Magazine in "EVERY HOME" of the United Presbyterian Church. This effort will be the beginning of the ultimate success as planned. Now is the opportune time to reach the GOAL.

We can not accomplish the large work before the Women's General Missionary Society and fall down on this effort.

The President of every Presbyterial Society can easily apportion to the local society the number to be secured. "Let us finish the task"

Respectfully, KATE A. HILL, Field Secretary.

Arabs resting under the Palms



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